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FACED A FIRING SQUAD

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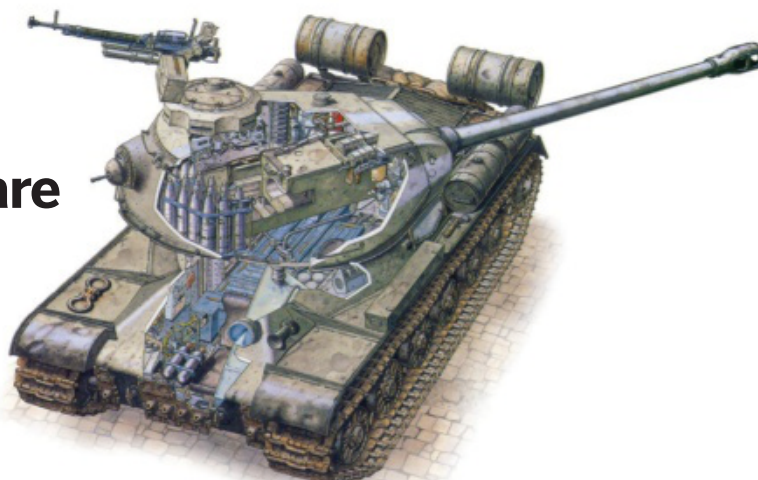
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Join the discussion at
militaryhistory.com

Jesuits Waged War for the Guaraní People

These faithful fathers defended
their Guaraní adherents in South
America from slave traders
By Jorge E. Taracido

IN THE ARCHIVES:

Bloodshed in Magic Valley

In 1915, as Anglos displaced Hispanics
on the U.S. side of the Rio Grande,
Mexican rebels fomented a race war
By Mike Coppock

Interview British author Andrew Roberts'
new Winston Churchill biography may be the
best one-volume treatment of the wartime PM

Tools Developed in the 1980s, the LAV
(light armored vehicle) continues to serve
the U.S. Marines and other nations' forces

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NOVEMBER 2019 VOL. 36, NO. 4

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LOCATION

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WILLIAM I. HITCHCOCK, PHD



RICK ATKINSON

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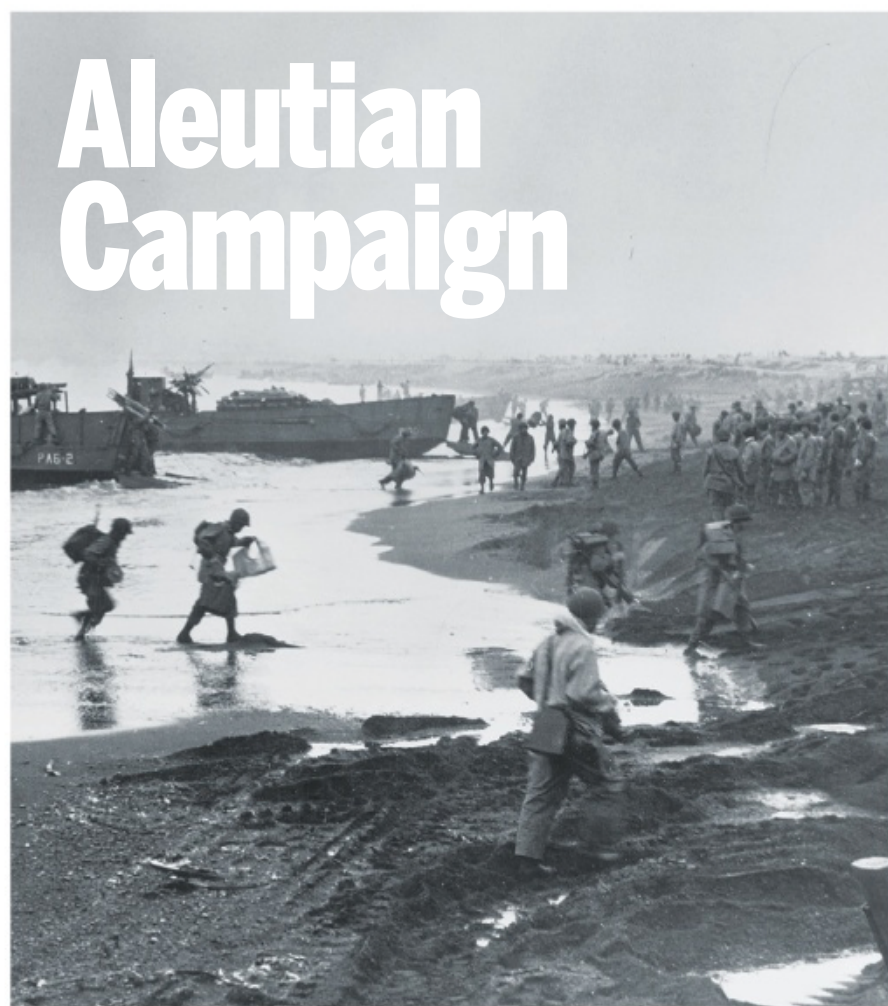
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Letters



Aleutian Campaign

[Re. “Aleutian Battleground,” by Jon Guttman, January 2019:] May I call your attention to *The Storm on Our Shores*, by Mark Obmascik, a 2019 book that goes into great detail about the Attu campaign from the viewpoint of two participants who collided there?

It is the story of a Japanese college student and physician who was drafted into the Imperial Army and ultimately sent to Attu and an American GI who as a prewar enlistee eventually found himself as part of the invasion force. Educated and trained in the United States, the physician had returned to Japan in the late 1930s for family reasons. He was pro-American and spiritually a pacifist.

It is a well-documented story, with accounts from the

Japanese doctor’s survivors, as well as his own writings and journals, and accounts from the still surviving (at the time of the book’s writing) American GI. I highly recommend it. It’s a very interesting story from the participants’ standpoints and gives more detail than I have ever read on the Attu campaign and some on the aftermath on Kiska.

D. Wayne Stiles
BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICH.

Farragut’s Foster

In William John Shepherd’s article “The Capture of New Orleans, 1862” (What We Learned From..., September 2019) the editors inserted a note that Capt. David Farragut was U.S. Army Maj. Gen. Benjamin Butler’s foster brother. Farragut was actu-

ally U.S. Navy Cmdr. David Dixon Porter’s foster brother. We regret the error.

‘Mad Mike’ Hoare

I enjoy reading the many and varied articles in your magazine. [Re. “Mad Mike and His Wild Geese,” by Don Hollway, March 2019:] The Congo relief mission regarding Belgian paras and mercenaries sounded very much like the one told to me almost 25 years ago.

I was working as a personnel director in a large suburban school system on a project with the assistant director of transportation, who was a retired U.S. Air Force major. During a short break he told me of a flight he was on during the fighting in the Congo. He described being a navigator on an Air Force transport plane flying a relief mission to rescue missionaries being threatened by rebels. He said the armed forces being transported were French Foreign Legionnaires and mercenaries. He thought he remembered the merc leader was Irish. I asked him specifically if he was on a U.S.-crewed plane carrying French and mercenary troops on a relief mission in the Congo. I also asked him if the merc leader could have been Mike Hoare. He said yes to the first question and possibly to the second.

A wedding I attended about 35 years ago provided another interesting tie-in with the Hoare article. At the wedding of a colleague’s daughter I had the privilege of talking with the father of

my colleague. He was retired from the Army and had spent a lot of his career in a Panama training camp. He told me he had assisted in the training of the Bolivian rangers who captured Che Guevara. What a tie-in—Mike and Che are certainly two famous warriors of the 20th century.

Allen Bower
STATHAM, GA.

Like Father, Like Son

In “Waking the Hermit” [March 2019] Joseph F. Callo crafted an informative story. Lt. Hugh McKee, the only American officer killed in the battle [of Ganghwa, Korea], was from Lexington, Ky. The U.S. Navy preserved his body, and it was returned to Lexington. The body is buried in the Lexington Cemetery under an elaborate monument. The Fletcher-class destroyer USS McKee (DD-575) was named for McKee. Hugh McKee’s father was Col. William R. McKee, who commanded the 2nd Kentucky in the Mexican War. Col. McKee was killed at the Battle of Buena Vista and is buried beside the Kentucky Military Monument in the Frankfort Cemetery.

Charles H. Bogart
FRANKFORT, KY.

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News

By Brendan Manley



In 2004 Staff Sgt. David Bellavia risked his life to clear a building in Fallujah, Iraq, of insurgents.

FALLUJAH 'HOUSE CLEARER' FIRST LIVING IRAQ WAR MOH RECIPIENT

President Donald Trump has awarded the Medal of Honor to former U.S. Army Staff Sgt. David Bellavia for conspicuous gallantry during the 2004 Second Battle of Fallujah, Iraq. One of seven Medal of Honor recipients from the Iraq War, Bellavia is the first living veteran of the war to receive the award.

The native New Yorker enlisted in 1999, serving in Kosovo before deploying to Iraq in 2004. On the night of Nov. 10, 2004—his 29th birthday—Bellavia was in Fallujah as a squad leader with Company A, Task Force 2-2, 1st Infantry Division, when his platoon was tasked with clearing jihadists from a block of a dozen buildings. Nine of the buildings were filled with weapons but unoccupied. As Bellavia and four others entered the tenth house, however, insurgents ambushed them, wounding several men. Bellavia opened up with an M249 light machine gun, enabling the others to

withdraw. As the gun battle spilled into the street, a Bradley fighting vehicle fired several 25 mm rounds into the house. Armed with an M16, Bellavia then re-entered to conduct a sweep. After killing three of the enemy, he found himself in hand-to-hand combat with a fourth insurgent in a room filled with propane tanks and plastic explosives. Rather than risk an explosion, Bellavia wrestled the man to the ground and dispatched him with a knife. He then fired on a fifth insurgent, knocking him from the rooftop, before evacuating the building prior to an air strike.

Bellavia was initially awarded a Silver Star; his was one of fewer than 100 valor awards upgraded after a 2016 Department of Defense review of more than 1,300 Global War on Terrorism combat awards. Two years after leaving the Army in 2005, Bellavia published *House to House: An Epic Memoir of War*.

'This is not a John Rambo moment. I'm really scared'

—David Bellavia

'Thunder' Ride Rolls to a Close

Memorial Day 2019 marked the final run of a popular annual motorcycle rally organized in Washington, D.C., since 1988 by the advocacy group Rolling Thunder [rollingthunderrun.com]. Named after the 1965–68 U.S. bombing campaign against North Vietnam, the group seeks a full accounting of POWs and MIAs from all U.S. wars. Ride organizers cite rising costs, falling sponsorship and law enforcement harassment as reasons for ending the event. Next year local chapters nationwide will organize events.

War Novelist Wouk, 103

Herman Wouk, 103, World War II veteran and Pulitzer Prize-winning author of the wartime novels *The Caine Mutiny*, *The Winds of War* and *War and Remembrance*, died on May 17, 2019. Wouk served in the Pacific as a U.S. Navy lieutenant aboard destroyer minesweepers,



participating in eight invasions and earning multiple battle stars. Writing while off duty, he received his first book contract while deployed off Okinawa, Japan.

REFUGEE NUMBERS HIGHEST SINCE WWII



The United Nations reports that the number of humans displaced by conflict worldwide is at its highest recorded level since World War II. By year's end 2018 the global population of refugees had reached an estimated 70.8 million, compared to 43 million a decade ago; of those uprooted in 2018, some 41 million remained displaced within their own countries, while 26 million fled across borders and 3.5 million sought asylum, a quarter-million of the latter in the United States. More than two-thirds of the refugees came from Afghanistan, Myanmar, Somalia, South Sudan and Syria, while Turkey, Pakistan and Uganda took in the greatest numbers of those who fled.

SUPREME COURT: WWI PEACE CROSS CAN STAY

In a 7–2 decision the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that the Bladensburg World War I Memorial, aka “Peace Cross”—dedicated in 1925 on private land in that Maryland town to honor the war dead from Prince George’s County—does not violate the Establishment Clause of the Constitution and may remain on land since acquired by the state. In 2014 the American Humanist Association sued to have the 32-foot-tall cross altered or removed, prompting the American Legion [legion.org], which had commissioned the memorial, to defend it. The court found that the cross, a symbol used on military medals and to mark soldiers’ graves, does not serve an unconstitutional religious purpose in this instance.



WAR RECORD

Oct. 22, 1901

British army **Lt. Harry Harbord “Breaker” Morant** (P. 22) is arrested on returning from leave in Pretoria, South Africa. Court-martialed for war crimes committed during the Second Boer War, he and fellow Bushveldt Carbineer Lt. Peter Handcock are executed on Feb. 27, 1902.

November 1933

The Martin aircraft company delivers the first YB-10 bombers to the U.S. Army Air Corps at Wright Field near Dayton, Ohio. A service test version of the Martin B-10, the plane features a groundbreaking **rotating nose turret** (P. 58).

Nov. 11, 1941

Succeeding in his third escape attempt from a German POW camp, French army officer **Marcel Bigeard** (P. 64) makes his way to Senegal, where he ultimately joins the Free French forces. Bigeard retires in 1976 as one of his nation’s most decorated soldiers.

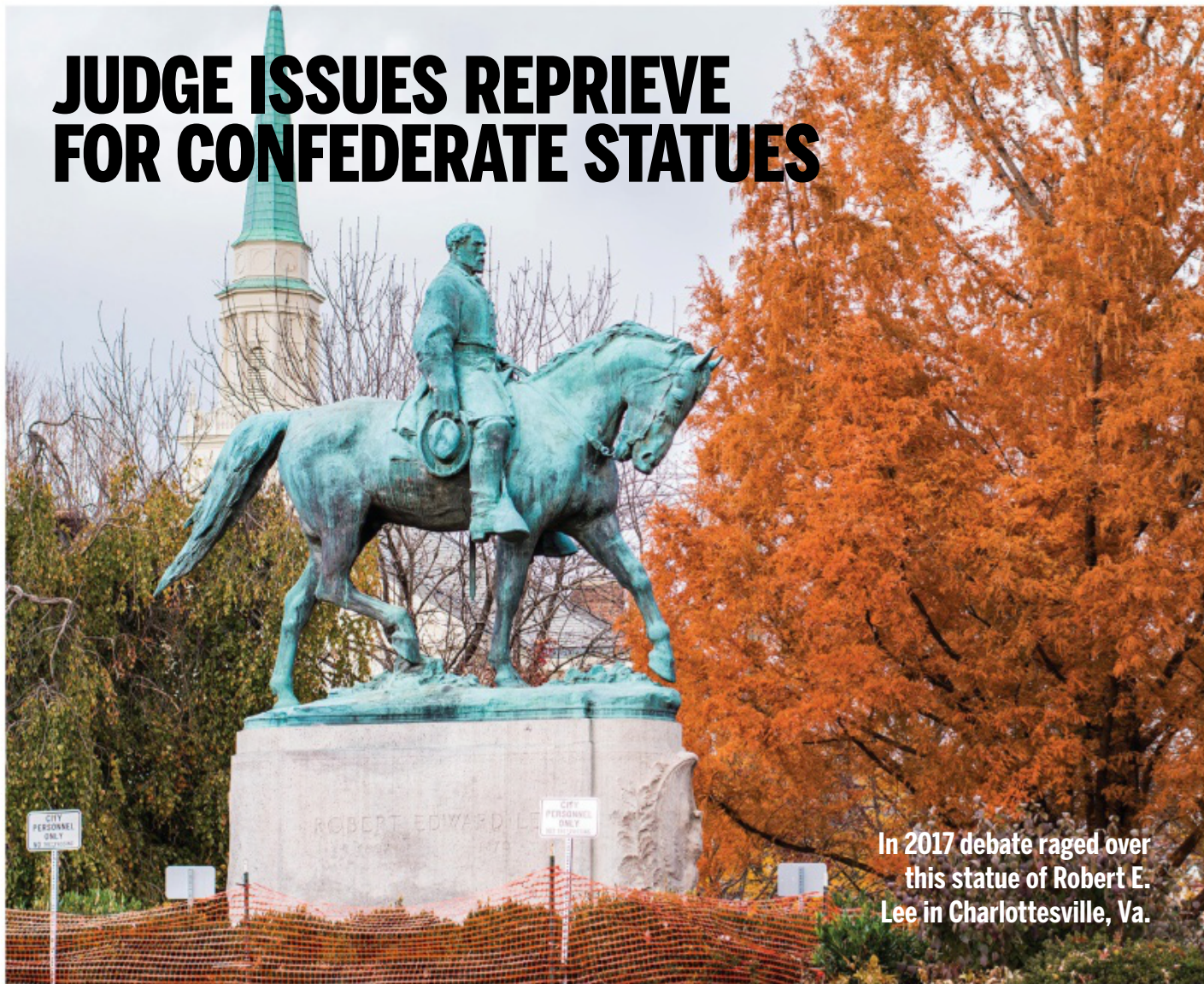
Nov. 26, 1915

U.S. troops engage both Pancho Villa’s rebels and troops loyal to Mexican President Venustiano Carranza at the Second Battle of Nogales. The skirmish is a precursor to border tensions that later spark the 1918 **Battle of Ambos Nogales** (P. 32).

Nov. 28, 1945

U.S. Army Staff Sgt. **Joe Beyrle** (P. 42) is honorably discharged. On escaping from a German POW camp that January, he’d joined a Red Army tank battalion, becoming the only soldier to fight for the United States and the Soviet Union in World War II.

JUDGE ISSUES REPRIEVE FOR CONFEDERATE STATUES



In 2017 debate raged over this statue of Robert E. Lee in Charlottesville, Va.

A Virginia judge has ruled that 1920s-era statues in Charlottesville of Confederate Gens. Robert E. Lee and Thomas Jonathan “Stonewall” Jackson—the subjects of recent contentious debate—are war monuments protected by state law. The ruling came amid a lawsuit against the Charlottesville City Council, which in 2017 had acted to remove the statues.

The debate gained national attention on Aug. 12, 2017, when hundreds of white nationalists descended on the city to protest the pending removal of the Lee statue. The demonstration turned violent when self-avowed white supremacist James Alex Fields Jr., 20, drove his car into a crowd of counterprotesters, killing 32-year-old Heather Heyer and injuring dozens of others. Fields has since been convicted of murder and sentenced to life in prison.

According to Charlottesville Circuit Judge Richard Moore, the statues of Lee and Jackson, in Civil War uniforms astride their warhorses, satisfy the definition of military monuments, which under Virginia law cannot be removed without state permission. In an earlier ruling Moore had ordered the City Council to remove shroudlike black tarps placed over the statues in the wake of the 2017 demonstration.

Charlottesville has become a microcosm of a worldwide debate among citizens of nations that struggle with problematic, hot-button military pasts. While countries like Russia, Germany and Spain have opted to largely scrub contentious martial reminders from their public spaces, the United States and Britain, among others, have proceeded cautiously with an eye to preserving cultural heritage.

‘It is well that war is so terrible, otherwise we should grow too fond of it’

—Robert E. Lee

Scapa Flow Wrecks Sold

The World War I wrecks of four German warships—the battleships *König*, *Markgraf* and *Kronprinz Wilhelm* and light cruiser *Karlsruhe*—recently sold on eBay for £85,000. They are among 74 ships of the High Seas Fleet scuttled on June 21, 1919, at Scapa Flow in Scotland’s remote Orkney Islands (see “Parting Shot at Scapa Flow,” by John Miles, at HistoryNet.com). Under British law the wrecks cannot be salvaged, though the owners may obtain licenses to retrieve artifacts.

IWM Considers Cultural Losses

London’s Imperial War Museum (iwm.org.uk) examines the wartime destruction of cultural heritage in its exhibition “What Remains,” on



display through Jan. 5, 2020. Presenting artifacts and images from a century of conflict, the museum seeks to convey the motives behind and impact of cultural destruction and explore ways military forces might help protect targeted treasures.

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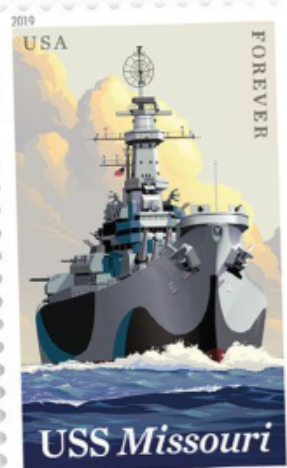
News

Dole Promoted to 'Full Bird'

In a recent ceremony at the World War II Memorial in Washington, D.C., the U.S. Army promoted European theater veteran and former U.S. senator Bob Dole, 96, from captain to honorary colonel. The third and only living recipient of such an honorary promotion, Dole is in good company: In 1976 George Washington was promoted to general of the armies, while in 2001 famed explorer William Clark was promoted from lieutenant to captain.

Postage Stamp for 'Mighty Mo'

The U.S. Postal Service has issued a "forever" stamp honoring USS *Missouri* (BB-63), the battleship that hosted the Japanese surrender to the Allies on Sept. 2, 1945, ending World War II. The stamp was issued on June 11, 75 years to the day after *Missouri*'s commission-



ing. The warship [uss-missouri.org] also saw combat in the Korean War and Operation Desert Storm before being struck in 1995.

ROTC CADET HONORED FOR STOPPING GUNMAN



The U.S. Army Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) [goarmy.com/rotc.html] has awarded a posthumous Medal of Heroism to Riley Howell, 21, a first-year ROTC cadet and UNC Charlotte student who tackled a gunman at the university on April 30, 2019, enabling classmates to escape. As he charged and pinned down the shooter, Howell was shot three times and mortally wounded. Fellow student Ellis Reed Parlier, 19, was also killed, and four others were wounded, but the gunman ended his spree after Howell's courageous intervention. On May 5 the aspiring officer was laid to rest with full military honors, and he will be inducted into the North Carolina Military Veterans Hall of Fame [ncmvhof.org].

ANGOLA TO CLEAR MINES FOR ELEPHANTS



Angola's Ministry of Environment plans to transform a onetime battleground in the southeast of that war-torn African nation into a sanctuary for elephants, hoping to relieve pressure on pachyderms in neighboring countries, while boosting ecotourism. Under the initiative Angola will allocate \$60 million to clearing 153 known minefields around the headwaters of the Okavango River over the next five years. The British demining charity HALO Trust [halotrust.org] has pledged to match funds and clear additional minefields. During the 1987–88 Battle of Cuito Cuanavale, amid the Angolan Civil War, opposing rebel factions clashed across the region, laying upward of 10 million land mines.

PERSIAN PRESSURES

Current tensions between the United States and Iran are just the latest chapter in a nearly 70-year saga. Following are key events early in the relationship:

Coup d'état

On Aug. 19, 1953, the United States and Britain orchestrated the overthrow of elected Iranian Prime Minister Mohammad Mosaddegh after he'd nationalized the British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. The coup enabled Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi to rule the country through 1979.

Hostage Crisis

On Nov. 4, 1979, college students supporting the Iranian Revolution stormed the U.S. Embassy in Tehran, taking 52 American diplomats and citizens hostage. Stretching 444 days, it remains the longest hostage crisis in history.

Iran-Iraq War

Iraq invaded Iran on Sept. 22, 1980, amid border disputes. The United States politically backed Iraq during the nearly eight-year conflict.

Beirut Barracks Bombings

On Oct. 23, 1983, two suicide truck bombers struck barracks in Beirut, Lebanon, killing 305 people, including 241 U.S. and 58 French peacekeepers with the Multinational Force in Lebanon. Investigators fingered the Iranian-backed Islamic terrorist group Hezbollah for the attack.

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Interview The First Wave

Interview by Dave Kindy



Alex Kershaw

At 12:15 a.m. on June 6, 1944, Capt. Frank Lillyman jumped out of a C-47 Skytrain over Normandy. Moments later he became the first American paratrooper to set boots on the ground in France for the historic assault of "Fortress Europe." British writer Alex Kershaw's The First Wave: The D-Day Warriors Who Led the Way to Victory in World War II details the experiences of Lillyman and the other Allied soldiers who first engaged the enemy during the monumental assault of Nazi-occupied France. Through exhaustive research and interviews the New York Times best-selling author has crafted a riveting narrative of the pathfinders, commandos, Rangers, assault troops, pilots and coxswains who led the assault on the Atlantic Wall. Kershaw is the author of the critically acclaimed books The Bedford Boys, The Longest Winter and Escape From the Deep. He also wrote The Liberator, which is under development as a Netflix series.

What motivated you to write this book?

The 75th anniversary [of D-Day] was coming up, and I knew there would be renewed interest. I wanted to try and find a new angle. I was looking for a high concept and hoping to come at it from a different way.

I came across a story about Leonard Schroeder, the first American to come ashore from a landing craft [that day], and I started thinking about the first people to face combat. They were leading the way and were the most likely to die. I suddenly thought, *Oh, the first wave!* Then I thought, *Who were these people?* I started looking for men with interesting stories that hadn't really been mined properly. I found a lot of stuff that hadn't been looked at and a lot of stuff that was new.

How did you approach the individual stories?

I included Frank Lillyman of the pathfinders and Schroeder. I talked with Léon Gautier, the French commando, and Waldo Werft, an extraordinary medic at Omaha. I included material on others I had spoken with over the past 20 years who did not become main characters. They gave me a lot of good context and background. I visited Omaha Beach with Dan Farley, who was a Ranger. I tried to get as many people as possible, but only 3 percent of World War II veterans are still alive, so trying to find someone from the first wave was very difficult. These were all brave men in different units who were given a job to do, and they did it.

Did they realize the importance of what they were doing and the danger they faced?

Some of them did. The guys at Pegasus Bridge, especially John Howard of the

British army, absolutely knew this was a vital objective. Men taking out gun positions and securing crossings knew they had to get the job done, because the repercussions were serious. These were critical missions. I'm not sure any of them at the time thought, *If I don't succeed, the invasion is going to fail.* But they knew those were critical targets, and they needed to succeed. The jobs were so important and so dangerous.

Many were going into harm's way for the first time. Did fear pose a problem?

A lot of them had fear. They hid it very well. The guys I focus on were probably more afraid of failure and letting their men down. John Spalding, for example—here's a young lieutenant who's never been in combat before, and he wanted to prove himself at Omaha Beach. He was more afraid of failing his men than of the enemy.

Which examples of valor and courage impressed you most?

Anybody who jumped out of an airplane. I think Howard and his unit at Pegasus Bridge were incredible. They crash-landed in a glider, then got out and did the job after that trauma. Spalding getting off Omaha Beach—that was a spectacular achievement.

I was struck by the fact that for many of these guys this was their first day in combat, and they carried on. D-Day for a fair few of them wasn't nearly that bad. Things got worse in the next days and weeks. In Spalding's case D-Day was very bad, and then he went through episodes of enormous trauma later on. But they all carried on. They knew they were exposing themselves to tremendous psychological and emotional damage. That's what moved me—they kept on going.



Determination shows on the faces of 101st Airborne Division paratroopers as their aircraft heads for Normandy.

What was it like for them, living through all that?

We tend to forget the context of the times. I met a fellow from England once who told me he was a boy in London during the Blitz. By 1943 he had already lost two or three friends. They all knew someone who hadn't come back. No one questioned putting their life on the line. It's not like today, where you have these elite forces who do these actions, and no one really hears about it. Back then everyone did it. The feeling back then was, *We've got to win this war. It's very, very, very important.* The stakes were high, and everyone was giving something. They all felt they should do their part.

Today we are incapable of knowing what it was really like, how nightmarish it was. I always liked the example of Vito Pedone. He was the co-pilot on the plane that dropped Lillyman into Normandy. I was struck by how he said it was only when he got back to England and was on the ground that he actually felt any fear. He was so busy flying the plane, so focused on his mission, that he didn't have time to think

about anything else. I think that was common for quite a few of them. For Howard it was a few days after D-Day, when he had lost a lot of his men, that the emotional impact hit home. There was another guy I interviewed who had been in combat for 500 days. He said to me, "Imagine being in the worst car crash ever, and then imagine that happening every day."

How many of those brave men remain alive?

There are only about five guys in my book that are still around today. Gautier is one of them. He is one of only three surviving Frenchmen who landed on D-Day. There are other people in the book who are alive today, like Fred Glover, a British paratrooper, and John Raaen, a Ranger at Omaha Beach. Sadly, several people I interviewed died before the book was published.

What do the men who fought at Normandy want us to understand about that experience?

It's difficult to generalize, but I think most really hoped no one would have

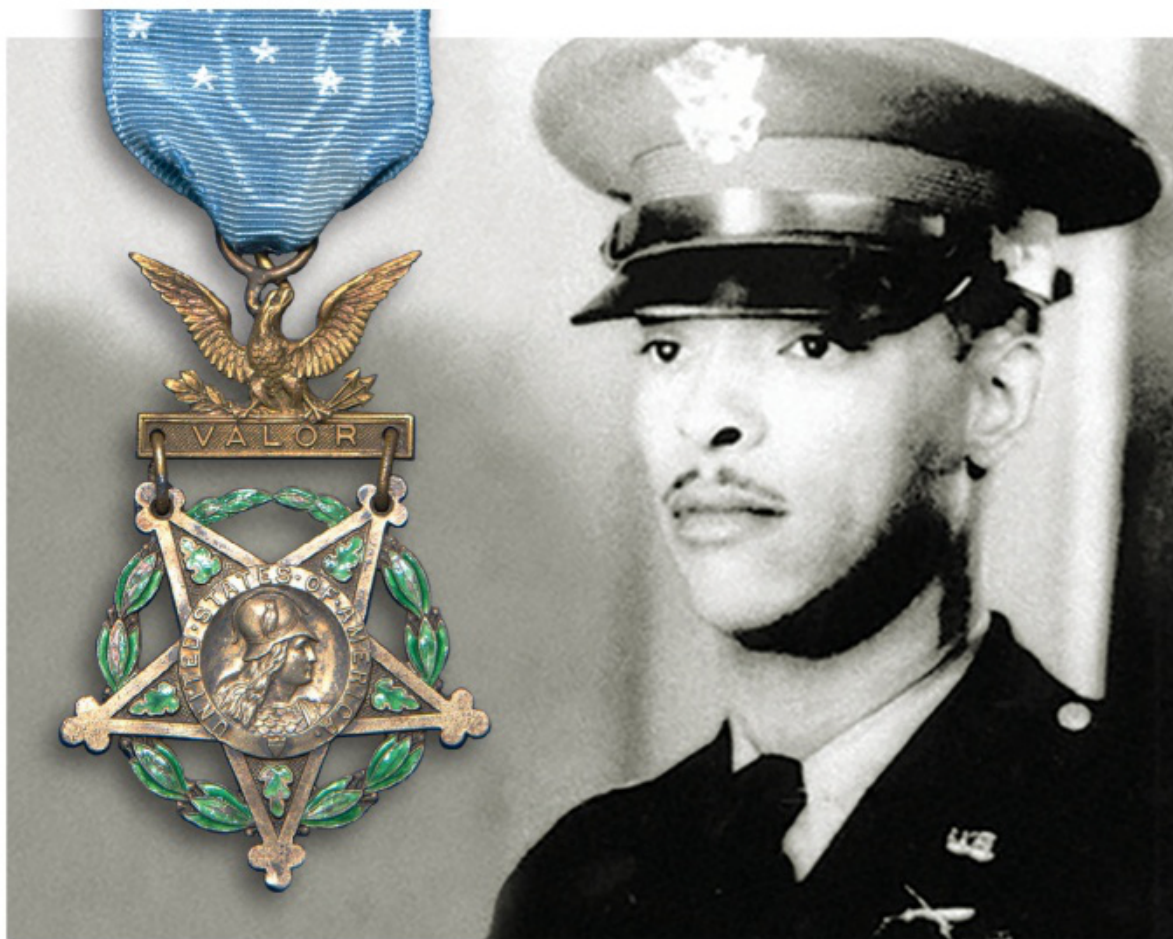
to do this again. Peace would be cherished, and people would be reluctant to engage in war again. They were proud of what they did, but not egotistical about it. The ones alive today that I know feel very lucky they came home, feel very lucky they had long lives. There is some survivor's guilt, but they were part of something really important. That they played a role in D-Day and are alive today means they can look back and know in their heart of hearts they were a part one of the most important days in history. Democracy means a lot to these people, and so does freedom. They are proud to have been able to protect that. A lot of people died so we could have what we have today. We shouldn't take it for granted. They certainly don't.

What do you think is the ultimate legacy of D-Day?

Seventy-five years of peace and democracy in Europe. That's the main result—the liberation of Western Europe. It's an immense thing. It's a beautiful thing. I think it's the greatest gift America has ever given anybody. **MH**

Valor Last Full Measure

By Dave Kindy



First Lt. John R. Fox
U.S. Army
Medal of Honor
Italy
Dec. 26, 1944

On Christmas Day 1944 the U.S. Army's segregated 92nd Infantry Division—the celebrated “Buffalo Soldiers”—held a tenuous position in Sommocolonia, a village along central Italy's Serchio River. The Fifth Army had called off a general assault the day before, but this unit remained pressed up against the German

front lines. First Lt. John Robert Fox, a 29-year-old forward artillery observer with the 598th Field Artillery Battalion, manned an observation post on the northernmost edge of the American line. He was supporting the 92nd's 370th Infantry Regiment, whose 2nd Battalion had captured the town on Christmas Eve. As there had been little German resistance, just two platoons remained to secure Sommocolonia while the rest of the battalion shifted to other areas.

Fox was as close to the front as he could be, his task to observe enemy movements and direct fire at those locations. From his vantage he could clearly see any *Wehrmacht* troops massing for an assault.

A Cincinnati native, the young lieutenant grew up in Ohio and attended Wilberforce University. While there Fox met a young woman from New England named Arlene Marrow. They married in 1942, shortly after he'd graduated with an engineering degree and joined the Army. Commissioned a second lieutenant, Fox underwent training at Fort Devens, Mass., just the other side of Boston from Arlene's family home in Brockton. The couple's only child, daughter Sandra, was born that same year.

By late 1944 Fox had deployed with the 92nd ID facing the western flank of the Germans' Gothic Line in Italy's Apennine Mountains. The engineering graduate excelled in fire direction control and had volunteered to be a forward observer.

That Christmas night enemy troops disguised as partisans began infiltrating Sommocolonia and by daybreak were in position to support an attack by the

Austrian 4th *Gebirgsjäger* Battalion. Outnumbered 3-to-1, the Americans began a tactical retreat. Fox volunteered to stay in the town with a handful of Italian partisans in order to direct defensive artillery strikes. Tracking the enemy advance, he called in several changes to coordinates as the enemy approached town. At 8 a.m. he reported the Germans had entered Sommocolonia and were attacking in strength.

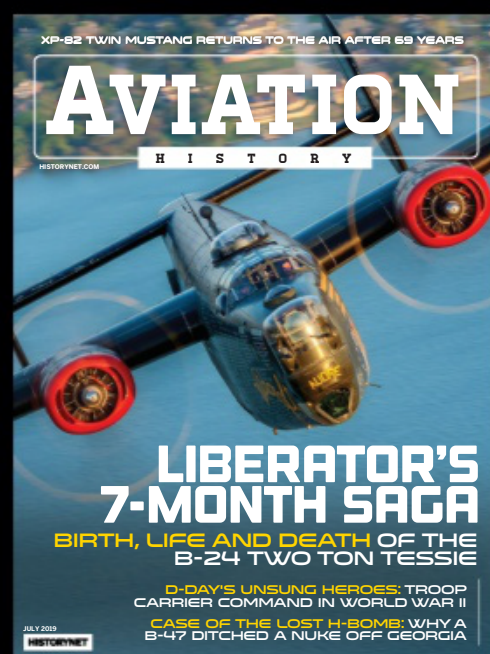
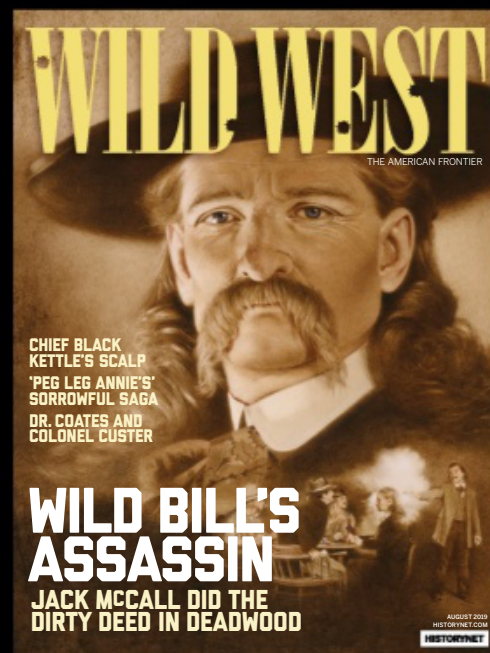
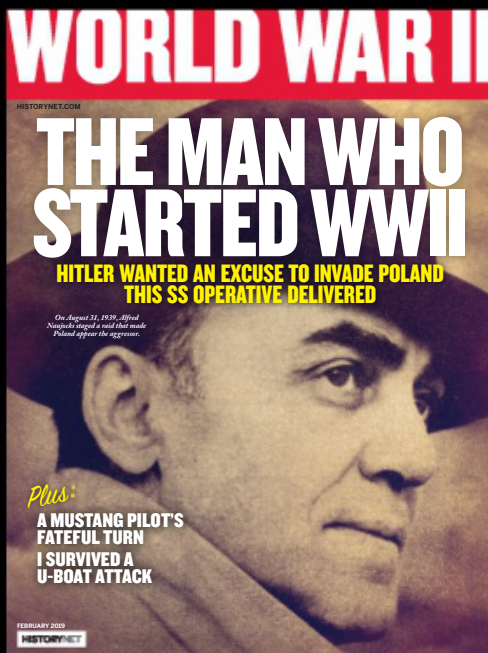
In his final transmission Fox gave the fire coordinates and explained he was targeting his own surrounded position. His final words were, “Fire it!” When the Army later retook the town, they found the lieutenant's remains and those of 100 German soldiers around his shattered observation post.

Fox received the Distinguished Service Cross for his last-stand sacrifice. Decades later, after a review determined racial bias in the awarding of the DSC, it was upgraded to the Medal of Honor. President Bill Clinton presented the nation's highest award for valor to Fox's widow, Arlene, in a 1997 White House ceremony. “Lieutenant Fox's gallant and courageous actions, at the supreme sacrifice of his own life, contributed greatly to delaying the enemy advance until other infantry and artillery units could reorganize to repel the attack,” notes his long-overdue citation.

Fox's remains were eventually repatriated and buried alongside his wife's family at Colebrook Cemetery in Whitman, Mass. Marking the site are U.S. and Medal of Honor flags, as well as mementos of respect left by graveside visitors.

While his sacrifice may be largely forgotten in this country, Italians remember. Every December 26 the people of Sommocolonia and surrounding communities gather to recall the winter battle and honor the dead from that terrible day, including the lone American who opted to stay and fight. **MH**

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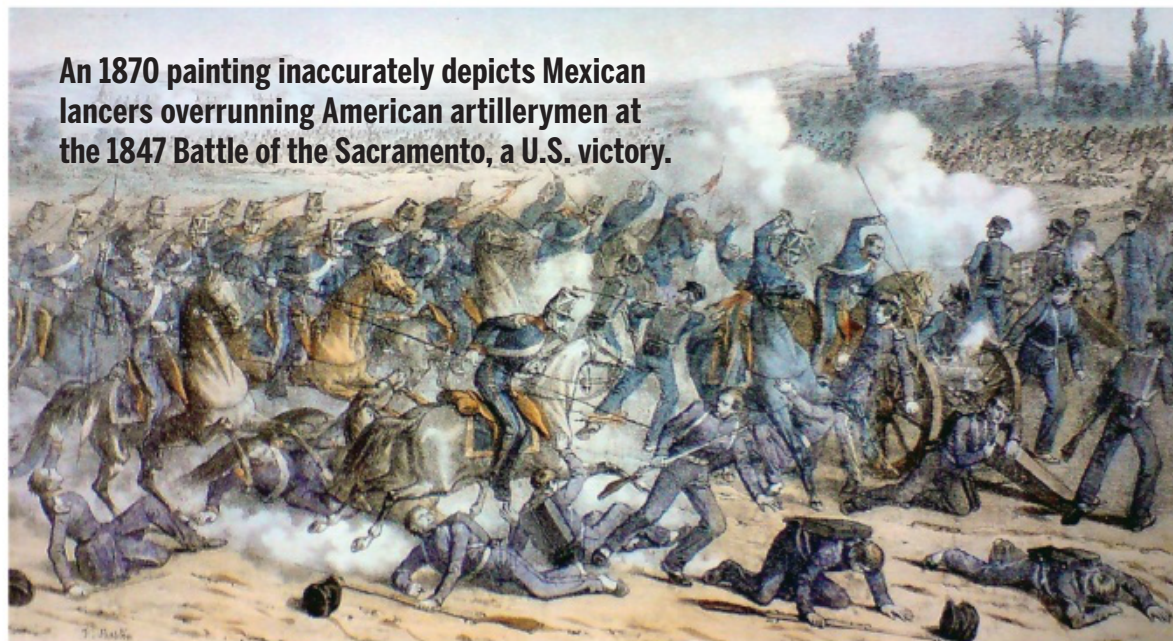


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What We Learned From... Doniphan's March, 1846–47

By James F. Byrne Jr.



In late February 1847, nearly a year into the Mexican War, Gen. José Heredia stood atop a 60-foot escarpment overlooking the Sacramento River. A 1,200-man U.S. force was moving south through the Mexican state of Chihuahua, and Heredia believed he'd found the perfect place to halt the invaders. To advance, the Americans would have to climb the escarpment along a single track. Heredia deployed artillery and built defensive positions to cover the trail, confident his 2,200 men could easily defend the natural fortress.

Eight months earlier the Americans had left Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in company with Brig. Gen. Stephen Watts Kearny's 1,700-man Army of the West, charged with seizing the Mexican territories of Nuevo México and Alta California. The force comprised both Regular troops and assorted volunteer regiments, including nearly 1,000 men of the ragtag Missouri Mounted Volunteers, under Col. Alexander Doniphan. A lawyer with no combat experience, the colonel was nevertheless a natural leader and had earned his soldiers' respect.

After the Americans captured Santa Fe in August 1846 without firing a shot the column diverged. Kearny took the Regulars west to conquer California, while Doniphan's volunteers went toward Chihuahua, 500 miles south. The colonel had his first major engagement with the enemy just north of El Paso on Christmas Day. Though Mexican dragoons surprised the column, Doniphan's Missouri marksmen repelled the assault, and the Americans occupied the town. Doniphan left El Paso on Feb. 8, 1847, with 924 soldiers and 315 wagons driven by teamsters and merchants. Determined to turn a liability into an asset, he organized the civilians into an armed battalion, adding some 300 weapons to his strength.

On February 27 Doniphan's column made camp some 15 miles north of Chihuahua. Having learned from El Paso, Doniphan sent out scouts and gained intelligence on enemy positions along the river. The scouts also identified an alternate route up to the plateau—one not covered by Heredia's extensive defenses.

The next day Doniphan approached as the Mexicans expected. What they didn't expect was the formation he used. The colonel had formed his wagons into four parallel columns about 30 feet apart, intermingling his infantry and artillery

within the moving box and placing 200 mounted men out front.

The second shock to the Mexicans came when Doniphan's caravan crossed a gulch thought impassable and rumbled up onto the plateau from the west, leaving Heredia's defensive positions facing the wrong way. The general unleashed more than 1,000 lancers and cavalymen, the lead rider holding aloft a skull and crossbones flag—signifying no prisoners would be taken. The Mexican riders charged into the waiting American artillery, whose accurate, massed volleys broke the charge, sending the horsemen into retreat. As Heredia tried to rally his men, Doniphan's force swept across the plateau, shattering the Mexican army.

Described by historian Winston Groom as “one of the most lopsided victories in U.S. military history,” the Battle of the Sacramento claimed more than 700 Mexican casualties at the cost of four Americans killed and eight wounded. Left on the field by the retreating Mexicans was the black flag of no quarter, which today hangs in the library of the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis.

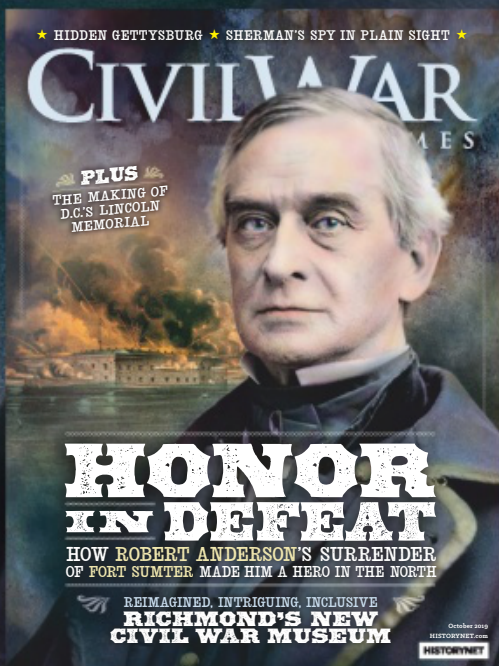
Lessons:

Look before you leap. Skillful American scouting won the battle before it was fought.

Wagons, ho! Doniphan turned his merchant wagon train into a combat multiplier.

Be ready to improvise. Doniphan's unorthodox tactics kept the enemy from responding effectively.

Combined arms provide a winning edge. Heredia's unsupported cavalry charges against infantry and artillery failed completely, leaving hundreds dead. **MH**



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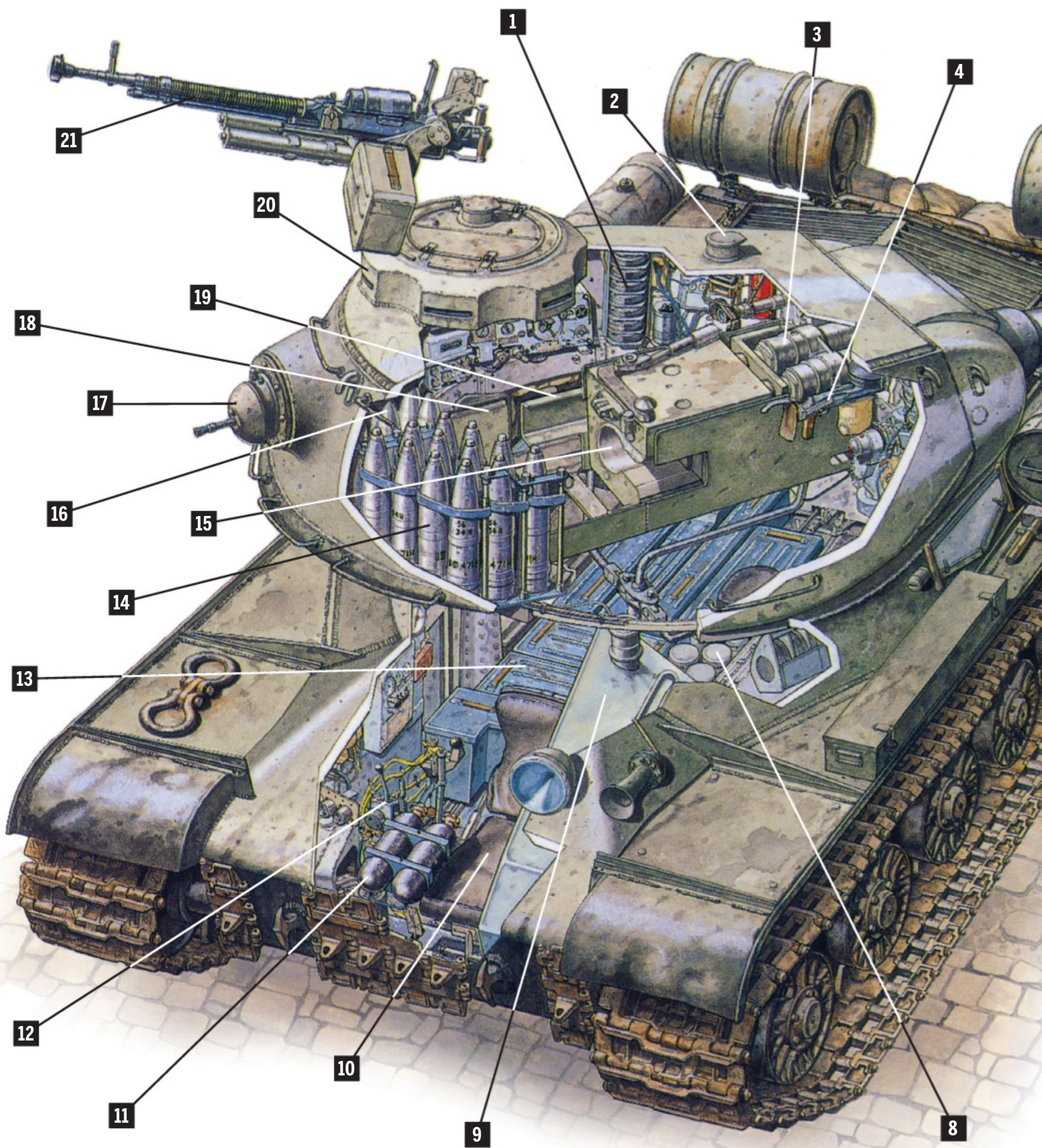
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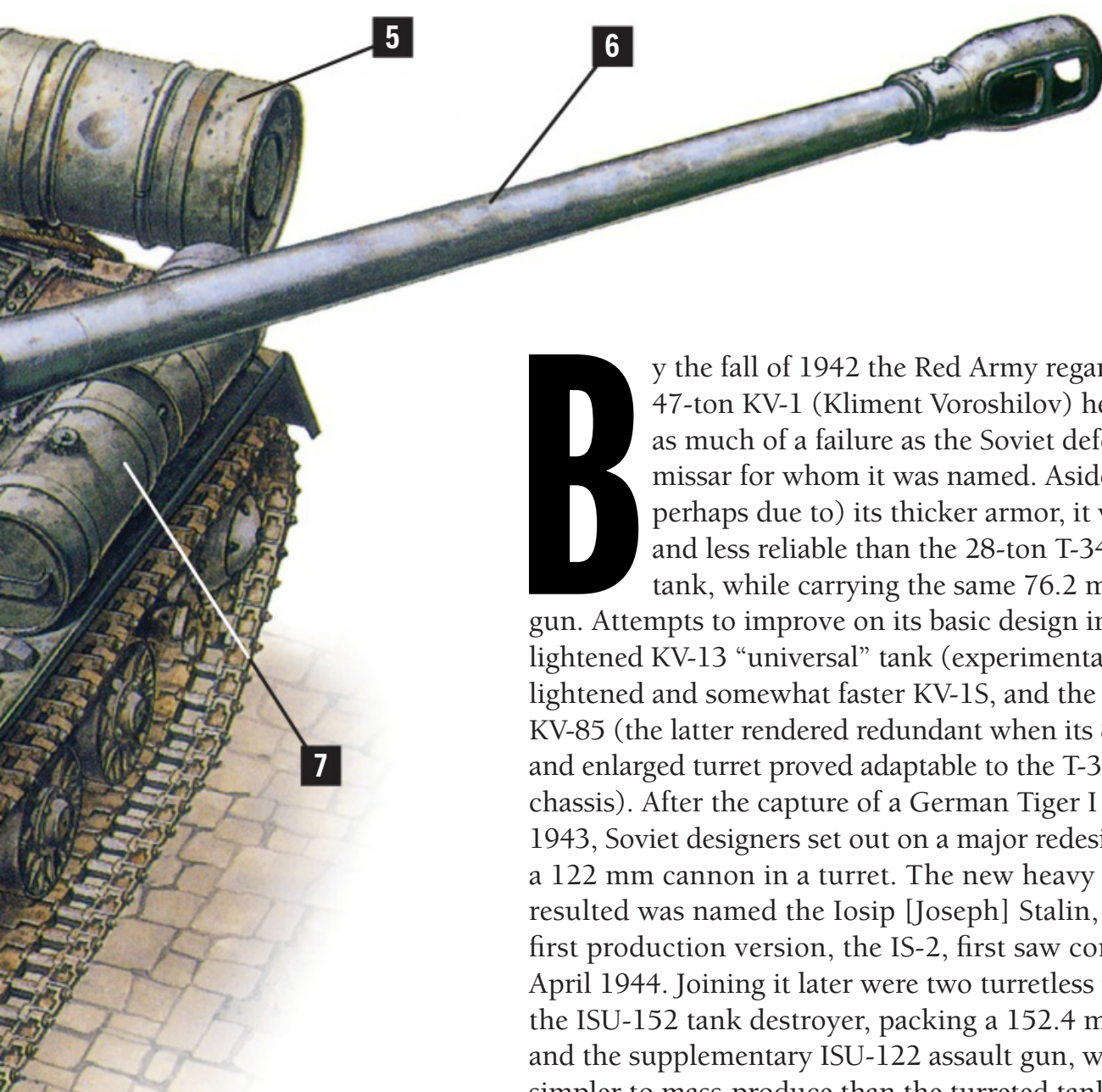
Hardware IS-2

By Jon Guttman

Illustration by Peter Sarson



1. Spare DT7 7.62 mm ammunition drums
2. Gunner's periscopic sight
3. DS-25T gun recuperator assembly
4. Co-axial DT 7.62 mm machine gun
5. Jettisonable fuel drums
6. DS-25T 122 mm main gun
7. External 75-liter fuel tanks
8. Propellant cases for 122 mm projectiles
9. Forward vehicle fuel stowage
10. Driver's seat
11. Compressed air bottles for starting engine
12. Driver's controls (clutch and braking lever)
13. Floor ammunition stowage bins
14. OF-47IN 122 mm high-explosive fragmentation projectiles
15. DS-25T gun breach
16. BR471B 122 mm armor-piercing projectiles
17. DT 7.62 mm close defense machine gun
18. Commander's station
19. Gunner's station
20. Commander's cupola
21. DShK 12.7 mm machine gun



By the fall of 1942 the Red Army regarded its 47-ton KV-1 (Kliment Voroshilov) heavy tank as much of a failure as the Soviet defense commissar for whom it was named. Aside from (or perhaps due to) its thicker armor, it was slower and less reliable than the 28-ton T-34 medium tank, while carrying the same 76.2 mm main gun. Attempts to improve on its basic design included the lightened KV-13 “universal” tank (experimental only), the lightened and somewhat faster KV-1S, and the up-armed KV-85 (the latter rendered redundant when its 85 mm gun and enlarged turret proved adaptable to the T-34’s versatile chassis). After the capture of a German Tiger I in January 1943, Soviet designers set out on a major redesign to carry a 122 mm cannon in a turret. The new heavy tank that resulted was named the Iosip [Joseph] Stalin, and the first production version, the IS-2, first saw combat in April 1944. Joining it later were two turretless variants: the ISU-152 tank destroyer, packing a 152.4 mm gun, and the supplementary ISU-122 assault gun, which was simpler to mass-produce than the turreted tank.

Allotted to small, independent units similar to the German Tiger companies, the 46-ton IS-2 proved intrinsically superior to the Panther medium tank and able to hold its own against the Tiger I and II heavies in gun duels up to 3,000 feet. As with the T-34, the IS-2’s principal weakness lay in its cramped interior and limited ammunition stowage—28 rounds, compared to seventy-nine 75 mm rounds in the Panther and nearly three times as many 88 mm rounds in a Tiger. Still, the IS-2 contributed enough to be hyped as the “Victory Tank” by the Soviets and inspired a generation of improved models—the carapace-turreted IS-3 and T-10M—before Communist First Secretary Nikita Khrushchev, judging the heavy tank more expensive than it was worth, ditched the entire concept after 1960. **MH**

IS-2

Engine: Kharkiv V-2IS 520-hp four-stroke V-12 diesel

Fuel: 137 gallons internal, 30 gallons external, 110 gallons supplementary

Length: 32 feet 6 inches

Width: 10 feet 2 inches

Height: 8 feet 11 inches

Armor: 120 mm (hull front), 90 mm (hull sides) 60 mm (hull rear), 160 mm (turret front), 90 mm (turret sides), 90 mm (turret rear)

Combat weight: 46 tons

Armament: D-25T 122 mm rifled tank gun with 28 rounds of ammunition, one turret-mounted DShK 12.7 mm machine gun with 250 rounds, one coaxial DT 7.62 mm machine gun and one 7.62 mm DT gun in rear of turret (2,331 rounds total)

Speed:

Road: 23 mph

Cross country: 12 mph

Maximum range: 93 miles

Crew: Four

THE BREAKING OF HARRY MORANT

In 1901 Lieutenant Harry 'Breaker' Morant went on a killing spree in South Africa after the death of his friend and comrade in arms

By Ron Soodalter

International adventurer, horse tamer, sometime poet, soldier and condemned murderer "Breaker" Morant lives on in history and myth.



*If you encounter any Boers,
You really must not loot 'em,
And if you wish to leave these shores,
For pity's sake, don't shoot 'em*

—‘Butchered to Make a Dutchman’s Holiday,’ by Harry ‘Breaker’ Morant



As the sun rose over South Africa’s Pretoria Gaol on the morning of Feb. 27, 1902, two British army officers walked hand in hand across the yard toward a pair of straight-backed chairs. The pair had been convicted of committing acts counter to “the rules of civilized warfare”—to wit, murder. Specifically, they had shot or ordered the shooting of unarmed Boer prisoners, some of whom had surrendered under a white flag. Court-martialed for the killings, the officers—Lieutenants Peter Joseph Handcock and Harry Harbord “Breaker” Morant—had been sentenced to death by firing squad.

Once seated, the pair stared down the dark muzzles of 18 Lee-Netford rifles. According to Australian lore, as his executioners prepared to fire, Morant shouted, “Shoot straight, you bastards! Don’t make a mess of it!” These words have long been quoted in chronicles, novels, stage productions and, finally, in the tragic climax of a highly romanticized 1980 feature film.

In fact, the “last words” story is almost certainly apocryphal, part of the mythos surrounding one of Australia’s most controversial figures. From Morant’s birth to the day he was shot, his life story was embroidered with half-truths, legends and outright lies. Even his name was a fiction of his own inventing.

The man who would become known as Harry Morant was born Edwin Henry Murrant on Dec. 9, 1864, the son of a union workhouse manager and matron in Bridgwater, Somerset, England. The young man of humble origins later appropriated the Morant variant of his surname from a prominent British admiral, with whom he falsely claimed kinship as an illegitimate son.

In 1883 Harry Morant migrated to Australia, where he spent the better part of the next two decades working his way across outback Queensland, New South Wales and South Australia in a bid to further reinvent himself. He was widely known for his skill at taming wild horses, a talent that earned him the nickname “The Breaker.” It was

under that sobriquet *The Bulletin*, a respected Sydney journal, published his widely read verses.

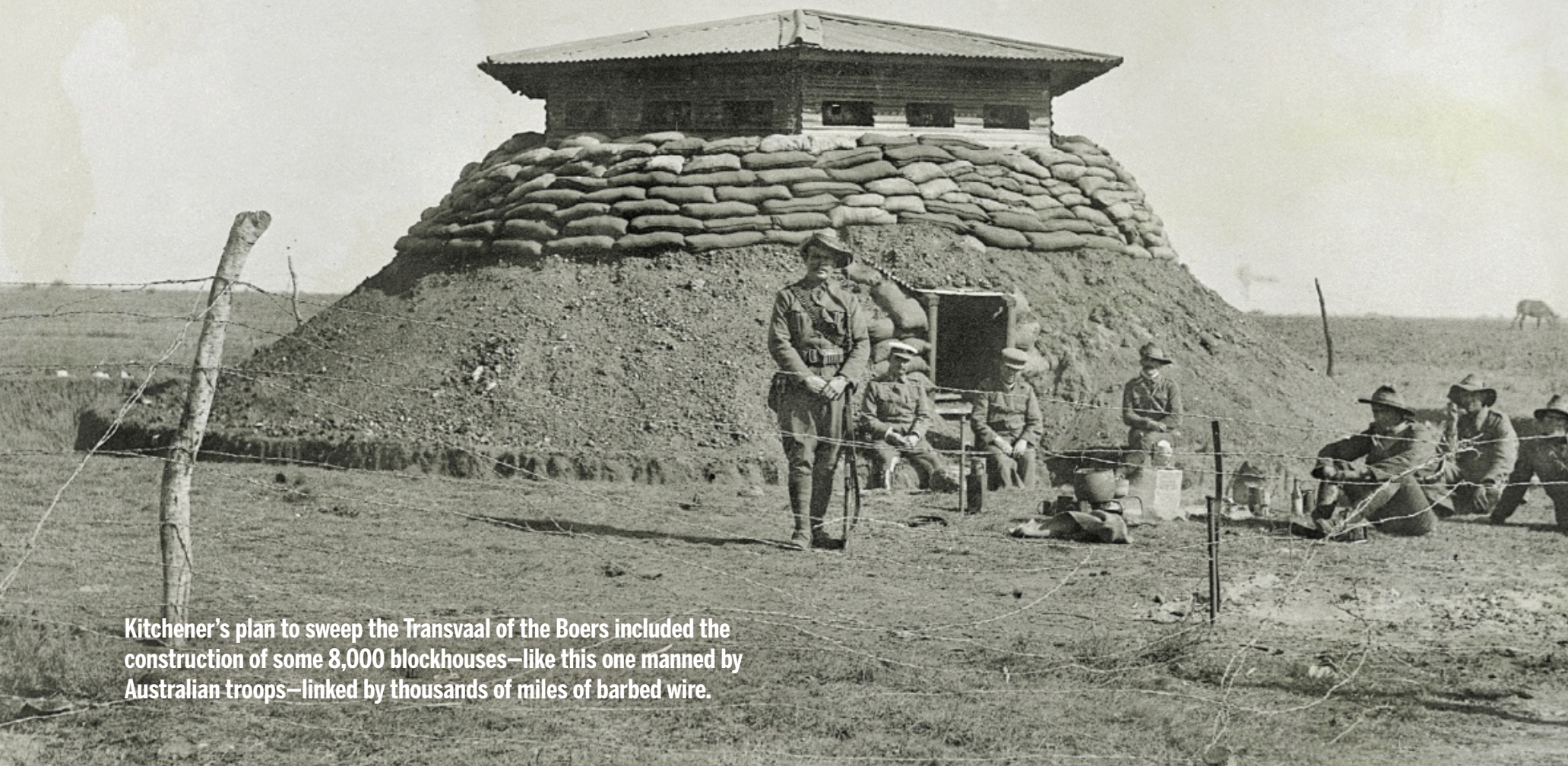
As some of his verses allude, the handsome, roguish Morant had a taste for high living and seldom let a lack of funds discourage him. He repeatedly defaulted on debts, on at least one occasion professing to be awaiting a check from fictional wealthy relatives. By the eve of his 35th birthday in 1899 his carefree, hard-drinking lifestyle had taken a toll. His debts were mounting, his credit was in tatters, and—charmer though he was—he had worn out his welcome in his usual haunts. The timing, however, was propitious. The Second Boer War had just begun.

Seeking to maintain control of the African corner of its far-flung empire, Britain was waging what historians have described as a “dirty little war” against the independent Boer (Afrikaner) republics of the South African interior. As elsewhere in the empire, British authorities in the Australian colonies put out the call for volunteers, and Morant jumped at the opportunity for distinction in the field.

After penning a “Departing Dirge” for *The Bulletin*, he enlisted in the South Australian Volunteer Contingent for service in South Africa. Before the volunteers shipped out, the Jan. 27, 1900, edition of Adelaide’s *South Australian Register* listed all the members of the contingent along with a pocket biography of each man. Lance Cpl. Morant’s fanciful write-up lists him as the “son of Vice-Admiral [Sir George Digby] Morant” and states he was born in Devon, England, in 1870.

On reaching Africa, Morant served with distinction as a dispatch rider and war correspondent, though when his six-month term of enlistment expired in July, he happily





Kitchener's plan to sweep the Transvaal of the Boers included the construction of some 8,000 blockhouses—like this one manned by Australian troops—linked by thousands of miles of barbed wire.

mustered out. His commanding officer wrote him a sterling letter of recommendation, stating in part, “Your soldierly behavior and your continual alertness as an irregular carried high commendation—and deservedly—from the whole of the officers of the regiment.”

After collecting his final pay and a bonus, Morant sailed to England, hoping for a measure of forgiveness from his creditors. He received none, but while there he struck up a friendship with fellow veteran Capt. Percy Frederick Hunt. The two were to forge a brotherly bond, and through no fault of Hunt's their emotional ties would prove Morant's undoing.

Morant and Hunt returned to South Africa in early 1901 and received commissions—Hunt as a captain, Harry a lieutenant—in the Bushveldt Carbineers (BVC), a recently formed British regiment of irregular mounted infantry. By that point in the war the British high command believed victory was imminent. After all, British troops had taken the major population centers, and the Boers' currency had been rendered virtually worthless.

That said, back in August 1900, having led his men to victory in the set-piece Battle of Bergendal, Field Marshal Lord Roberts had preemptively declared the entire South African Republic a British territory. He, too, had not reckoned on the Boers' stubborn refusal to quit. The main body of the Afrikaner army remained intact. Reorganized into small, mobile units known as commandos and led by highly competent field officers, the Boer fighters transitioned the conflict into a classic guerrilla war that would last another two years.

The cumbersome British regular forces were ill equipped to successfully counter the Boer partisans. By the turn of the 20th century the Afrikaners had been living off the land for more than two centuries, and they knew the terrain well. After ambushing the British, the commandos simply melted back into the bush. And while the Boers could count on replenishing their supplies at the farms of friends and relatives, the British had to rely on steam-driven trains and lumbering supply columns, both of which made easy targets.

It soon became obvious to British commanders they would need a radical new approach were they to end the war swiftly and favorably. In October 1900 Gen. Lord Horatio Kitchener assumed command of British forces in South Africa, and he and his staff soon formulated a two-part campaign plan.

The first part proved an unmitigated public relations disaster. Resolving to separate the Boer fighters from their civilian supply sources, the British herded tens of thousands of civilians from their homes and farms—which were then burned, the crops and livestock destroyed—and concentrated them in fenced-in camps, giving rise to the chilling term “concentration camps.” However effective, Kitchener's plan seemingly failed to consider such essentials as sanitation, clean water, and proper and sufficient food. Nearly one-third



Slouch Hat

Worn by the troops of several nations, the felt campaign hat with a turned-up side brim is most often associated with Australia's military forces, elements of which adopted the slouch in the late 19th century. Its folded brim allows a wearer to shoulder a rifle without damaging the hat.



Robert Lenehan



George Witton



The QSAM

Established in 1900 for presentation to British and colonial military personnel and select civilians who served in the Second Boer War, the Queen's South Africa Medal bore the likeness of Queen Victoria on the obverse and Britannia triumphant on the reverse.

of the 94,000 Boer detainees died of starvation, malnutrition or disease, with children suffering disproportionately.

Part two of the plan involved the widespread use of irregular army units. In imitation of the enemy, British irregulars were to live off the land and remain highly mobile, functioning with a minimum of logistical support. As part of his strategy Kitchener erected some 8,000 blockhouses linked by thousands of miles of barbed wire, thus sectioning South Africa's Transvaal region into grids. It fell largely to the newly created irregular units to clear the grids of resistance. Regiments such as the 1st and 2nd Kitchener's Fighting Scouts, Steinaecker's Horse and the Bushveldt Carbineers were tasked with pacifying the Northern Transvaal.

Formed as the Bushveldt Mounted Rifles, the BVC was based in Pietersburg, with detachments at Strydpoort and Fort Edward in the Spelonken region, where Morant, Hunt and Handcock—a self-described “poorly educated” blacksmith from New South Wales—were stationed. Although officially a British regiment, it comprised predominantly Australians, with smatterings of Canadians, Americans, New Zealanders, Germans, Rhodesians, British and a handful of disaffected Boers. All but two of the unit's officers were Australian.

Oral tradition has elevated the BVC to the level of a highly disciplined anti-guerrilla force, but that was far from the reality. According to a historical sketch by the Australian War Memorial, by the time Morant and Hunt were commissioned, “the carbineers...had already

acquired a reputation for shooting prisoners, looting and insubordination.”

The soldiers in the BVC were expected to be expert riders and shooters, though such was not always the case. “A sicker or sorrier crowd of men...would be hard to picture,” one enlistee recalled. “Some had been thrown and lamed through their being bad riders and the horses unbroken. Some had never ridden a horse before, and you know what a 25-mile ride is on a novice.”

Initially, Morant was a welcome addition to the unit—gregarious and charming, a fine horseman and a competent officer. One night in early August 1901, however, a terrible incident occurred that would abruptly change his outlook.

Percy Hunt was a seasoned soldier, having served for years in various British regiments. The captain commanded one of the BVC's two squadrons. In late July word had arrived that a large band of guerrillas was ensconced at the farmstead of a high-ranking Boer officer. Hunt led out a patrol of a dozen Carbineers and a support contingent of armed “black fellows,” arriving at the farm on the night of August 5. Though forewarned that the house, perched on a rocky *kloof* (ravine), was impregnable, the captain nonetheless elected to charge the stronghold. The attack went horribly awry. Hunt was shot in the chest almost immediately—though he managed to dispatch the Boer commander—and a sergeant was killed while attempting to retrieve the captain's body.

By the time Hunt's body was recovered, it had been stripped of all clothing and—according to an initial report—mutilated. “Morant interrogated several [of Hunt's] men,” Lt. George Witton later recalled. “They were all positive that [Hunt] had met with foul play...His neck had been broken, as his head was rolling limply about the cart when he was being brought in. His face had been



stamped upon with hobnailed boots, and his legs had been slashed with a knife.” However, a trooper in Hunt’s squadron later testified that the initial report on the condition of Hunt’s body was mistaken.

The discrepancies in the accounts are hard to explain. Natural postmortem effects such as livor mortis (the pooling of blood in the lower portion of the body) can be mistaken for bruising, though that doesn’t explain the deep cuts or broken neck. Regardless, Morant heard the horrific initial report—though he never saw Hunt’s body—and the news greatly distressed him. While attempting to address the assembled carbineers, he broke down and was unable to continue.

From that point on Morant set himself on a dark course. Word had long circulated among the BVC and other units that orders from the highest levels mandated the execution of Boer prisoners. In the wake of Hunt’s death Morant avidly pursued the practice—not from any sense of military justice, but out of a desire for revenge.

Hunt’s death put Morant in command of the squadron, and he immediately assembled a 45-man expedition to pursue those who had killed his friend. The men traveled light and rode fast, soon catching up to a commensurate force of Boers camped along a river. Morant sent a detachment on a flanking movement, but before it was able to get in position, the overanxious, embittered lieutenant ordered the main body of his men to fire.

Officers of the Bushveldt Carbineers pose for a portrait sometime in 1901. Peter Handcock is at far left, with Harry Morant beside him. Capt. Frederick Hunt, whose death devastated Morant and led him and Handcock to murder Boer prisoners, sits third from the right.

Predictably, most of the Boers escaped, leaving behind one young man, Floris Visser, who had suffered a crippling ankle wound. Morant, with the verbal support of Handcock, ordered Visser summarily shot, precipitating a chorus of objections from several of the men. When told by a mate refusal could lead to his arrest, one trooper re-

By the time Hunt’s body was recovered it had been stripped of all clothing and mutilated

sponded, “I’ll go prisoner, but I’ll not shoot a wounded man.” Another later wrote, “Shooting an innocent man that cannot stand to take his death awakes big feelings in most hearts, and more than one lanky Australian swore with a gulp that justice should peep into this.”

When one of Morant’s officers presented the men’s objections, the lieutenant replied, “You didn’t know Captain Hunt, and he was my best friend; if the men make any fuss, I will shoot the prisoner myself.”



Morant was no stranger to mounted warfare in South Africa. Above he poses third from left during his 1900 deployment as a lance corporal riding dispatch with the South Australian Volunteer Contingent.

Another unwritten order purportedly in circulation specified execution for any enemy combatant caught wearing British khaki. Hunt's tunic and trousers had turned up in the cart beneath which Visser was hiding, but the prisoner had not been wearing it. Trooper James Christie pointed this out to Morant. "I said that Captain Hunt had died a soldier's death—that he had died in a 'fair go,'" Christie later testified. Morant replied, "It's got to be

Hunt's violent death apparently had called forth Harry Morant's dark side with a vengeance

done." A firing squad was quickly assembled, and Visser was dispatched without preamble. Morant then led the patrol back to Fort Edward. According to Christie, Morant's subsequent report read in part, "I regret to say that the wounded Boer, captured by us, died of his wounds."

Before Hunt's death Morant had not been in favor of executing prisoners, and it is difficult for supporters to justify his apparent shift in approach. Those who knew him well, however, revealed darker aspects of the Breaker's nature. Two young sons of a rancher for whom Morant

had worked in Australia later recalled their fear of him, claiming he regularly abused aboriginal ranch hands. One close friend observed that when sober, the lieutenant presented a polished manner, but when drunk, he repelled polite society. He also acknowledged a dark side to Morant always lurking just below the surface. Hunt's violent death apparently had called forth that dark side with a vengeance. Tellingly, Witton noted that Morant's superior, Maj. Robert William Lenehan, "thought, as did others, that Morant's mind had become unhinged with grief."

Morant was on a singular mission—to avenge his late friend. "Captain Hunt told me not to bring in prisoners," the lieutenant himself stated during his subsequent court-martial. "I did not carry out those orders until my best friend was brutally murdered." A BVC trooper and witness to the killings of prisoners later confirmed that swing in temperament, testifying, "Morant had always treated prisoners well, till Hunt's death, and then he became a different man altogether."

Less than two weeks after the captain's death, Morant reported to Lenehan on the progress of his punitive patrol. "We've killed 13 of them up to date now—and that crowd haven't a blanket left to wrap themselves in," he wrote. "News comes in every day of small parties of Boers; and out we go to harry them like bloody cattle dogs."

Six days later Lts. Morant, Handcock and Witton, in company with a sergeant and two troopers, intercepted a BVC patrol returning to the fort with eight Boer prisoners, four of whom were schoolteachers. "Morant said that it



Australian troopers gaze dispassionately at a wounded Boer prisoner. Both sides in the conflict were known to execute POWs and, less often, civilians.

was his intention to have the prisoners shot,” Witton recalled. “Both myself and Sgt. Maj. Hammett asked Morant if he was sure he was doing right. He replied that he was quite justified in shooting the Boers; he had his orders, and he would rely upon us to obey him.” As the firing party was forming, one of the Boers made a grab for Witton’s rifle barrel. “I simplified matters by pulling the trigger and shooting him,” the lieutenant recalled, describing the man as a “notorious scoundrel.” The other seven, two of whom Hancock personally dispatched, soon followed him in death.

A German missionary, the Rev. Carl August Daniel Heese, had been observed conferring with the prisoners before they were shot. It was later alleged that after closely questioning the clergyman, Morant ordered Hancock to follow and kill Heese, lest he report the execution to British authorities. In the lead-up to the court-martial Hancock had reportedly broken down and confessed to the missionary’s murder, but at Morant’s urging later withdrew his confession, claiming he had spent the afternoon lunching with the wives of two absent Boer guerrillas. Surprisingly, the women confirmed Hancock’s latter account.

In early September Morant and Hancock led a five-man patrol that intercepted a Boer and his two sons, aged 12 and 17. They were coming in to Fort Edward to surrender, as the teen was ill and needed medical treatment. Morant gave the sick boy a drink of brandy, then ordered all three shot.

Still other executions were attributed to Morant, though he was not the only BVC officer to have killed civilians.

Around that time Lt. Charles Hannam led a patrol that encountered three Boer wagons also bound for Fort Edward. When called on to surrender, its panicked occupants bolted, and Hannam’s men opened fire, killing two boys, aged 5 and 13, and shooting a 9-year-old girl through the neck.

By early October the BVC troopers and NCOs had had enough, and 15 of them wrote, signed and sent a letter of complaint to the commanding British officer at Pietersburg regarding their officers. It itemized each incident and listed the names of those responsible. In short order military authorities arrested several BVC officers. “The arrests,” wrote Trooper Christie, “comprise one major, one captain, five lieutenants and one sergeant major. Such a spectacle has never, I hear, taken place in the annals of the British army.”

A court of inquiry led to a series of courts-martial. In accordance with regulations at the time, the official British military records were never made public and ultimately destroyed. But period newspapers offer context, and those in attendance provided ample documentation for a detailed account of the proceedings.

After hearing evidence for four weeks and deliberating for another two, the court of inquiry brought murder

Second Boer War

347,000

BRITISH TROOPS
PLUS: 150,000 COLONIAL FORCES,
100,000 AFRICAN AUXILIARIES

5,774

KILLED

16,168 DIED OF DISEASE OR WOUNDS,
97,417 WOUNDED, 105 POW/MISSING

40,000

BOER TROOPS

PLUS: 10,000 AFRICAN AUXILIARIES,
5,400 FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS

6,189

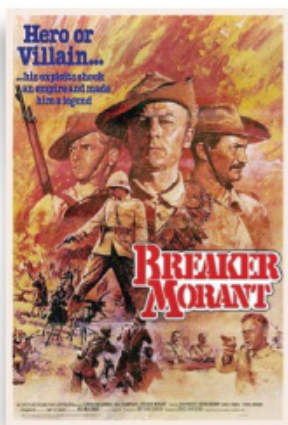
KILLED

24,000 CAPTURED,
21,256 SURRENDERED

40,524

CIVILIAN
CASUALTIES

26,370 BOERS, 14,154 BLACKS
IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS



The Film

Although historically inaccurate in minor respects, the 1980 Australian film, directed by Bruce Beresford, is regarded by critics as a fairly balanced account of Morant's crimes, the court-martial and the ultimate execution of Morant and Hancock.

indictments against four lieutenants—Morant, Hancock, Witton and Picton—while other senior officers, including Lenehan, awaited trial on lesser charges.

Representing the defendants was Maj. James Francis Thomas, a country solicitor from New South Wales. Unwilling to leave his fate in the hands of the “bush lawyer,” the volatile Morant often opted to speak for himself, which helped his defense not at all. In one instance, when asked whether he had conducted a proper inquiry prior to having young Visser executed, Morant blurted out, “We were out fighting the Boers, not sitting comfortably behind wire fences; we got them and shot them under Rule .303 [a reference to the caliber of the Lee-Metford rifle].”

Each of the accused was tried separately. In his summation regarding the case of the eight executed Boers, defense counsel Thomas argued, “The action they respectively took in the summary execution of these eight Boers was justifiable, or, at any rate, not criminal.” After describing some of the depredations committed by Boers, Thomas concluded, “Upon such an enemy I maintain our troops are justified in making the severest reprisals and are entitled to regard them not as lawful belligerents at all, but as outlaws.”

The court disagreed. On Feb. 26, 1902, after a lengthy trial and intense deliberation, the six-judge panel found all four defendants guilty: Morant of three murders, Hancock of two murders and one manslaughter, and Witton of one murder and one manslaughter. In the case

against Morant and Hancock for the murder of the Rev. Heese, thanks in large part to the testimony of the Boer women, the court found the “plea in evidence was not sufficient to convict.” Picton was judged guilty of one manslaughter and cashiered. The other three were sentenced to be shot.

Lord Kitchener ultimately commuted Witton's sentence to life imprisonment, “in consideration of his having been under the influence of Morant and Hancock.” Released after little more than two years, he later authored the memoir *Scapegoats of the Empire*, a scathing, self-justifying and heavily slanted indictment of the court, the British army, and the governments of both England and Australia.

The argument has persisted that Morant and Hancock were betrayed by their men, condemned by a one-sided court, abandoned by an Australia seeking to cement its recent status as an independent nation and doomed by a British empire anxious to smooth the path toward a swift peace. Within the past decade defenders even petitioned the Australian government to pardon Morant, Hancock and Witton, based on “fatal flaws in the arrest, investigation, trial and sentencing of the accused.” While their petition was rejected in 2012, such defenders continue to point to Witton's jaundiced account as the beacon directing their argument.

Among other allegations, Witton claimed the courts-martial were conducted in absolute secrecy, deeming them “the greatest farces ever enacted outside of a theater.” In fact, the trials were publicly held, and whereas most courts-martial resolved in a matter of days, those of the four lieutenants stretched over some months and were reported to be scrupulously fair. If anything, the

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From left: Actors Lewis Fitz-Gerald (as Witton), Brian Brown (Handcock), Edward Woodward (Morant) and Jack Thompson (attorney Thomas).

court allowed the defense considerable leeway. In the words of Deputy Judge Advocate General Col. James St. Clair, whose legal opinion the court sought immediately following the proceedings, “A heap of irrelevant evidence was admitted by the court on the part of the defense, despite the rule of the judge advocate.”

Defenders of the accused assert the supposedly pre-disposed court unilaterally dismissed the arguments of their talented defense counsel. But there are problems, too, with this claim. “In the popular myth of Breaker Morant,” biographers Joe West and Roger Roper write, “much has been written on the plucky and heroic defense put up by embattled bush lawyer Thomas in the face of overwhelming odds.” But according to reputable sources, Thomas was at best less than competent, and his defense, West and Roper argue, was “naive, inept and, it might be argued, somewhat preposterous.” For example, the solicitor repeatedly allowed his clients to make self-incriminating statements. Ill-advisedly speaking in his own defense, Morant virtually admitted his culpability, stating, “I am quite satisfied that [the Boers] fully deserved the summary execution they received.” Finally, Thomas knew little about military law, the court at one point dismissing his line of reasoning as “perfect nonsense.”

Thomas’ central argument hinged not on whether the defendants killed prisoners, but on their claim to have done so in obedience to standing orders. There is no question Morant and Handcock ordered and conducted the execution of captured Boers, nor did they deny it; however, they justified their actions by citing verbal orders from Hunt all the way up the ladder to Lord Kitchener. Yet neither they nor Thomas offered any corroboration of that claim during the courts-martial.

Even if proof of such instructions had been forthcoming, British military law gave officers the latitude to disobey unlawful orders. One court directive dating from the Napoléonic era established, “Every officer has a discretion to disobey an order against the known laws of the land.” As murder is clearly unlawful, it follows that any reasonable officer should refuse an order to commit it.

In 1973 Australian film director Frank Shields recorded an interview with 91-year-old Muir Churton, a Boer War veteran and former BVC trooper. Churton had been in the patrol that executed Visser and still harbored strong feelings about the event. “Those men had surrendered under a white flag and had given up their arms when they were shot,” he said. When asked whether he felt Morant and Handcock had deserved their fates, Churton replied, “They were as guilty as sin.”

Eighteen hours after being sentenced, Morant went to his death believing he had been sacrificed by the British

war machine. He also went game. On the eve of his execution he penned his final ballad, “Butchered to Make a Dutchman’s Holiday.” One verse reads as follows:

*It really ain’t the place nor time
To reel off rhyming diction—
But yet we’ll write a final rhyme
Whilst waiting cru-ci-fixion!*

It only adds to his mystique that Morant died bravely, refusing a blindfold and staring down the muzzles of the firing squad. According to Pretoria Gaol warden John Henry Morrow, the condemned called out, “Be sure and make a good job of it!” As romantic a figure as Morant might appear, however, more than a century of research and reflection suggest he had abrogated his responsibilities as a wartime officer to wage a personal vendetta. As for Handcock, far from being the slow-witted dupe portrayed by various historians, he had murdered at least two unarmed men and willingly participated in the executions of several others. From both a military and moral perspective, he and Morant had deserved their fate. When the 18 chosen men of the Queen’s Own Cameron Highlanders fired in unison at the two convicted felons seated before them in the Pretoria prison yard, their rifles dispensed nothing less than justice. **MH**

For further reading frequent contributor Ron Soodalter recommends Shoot Straight, You Bastards! The Truth Behind the Killing of “Breaker” Morant, by Nick Bleszynski; The Legend of Breaker Morant Is Dead and Buried, by Charles Leach; and Breaker Morant: The Final Roundup, by Joe West and Roger Roper.



Considered by apologists a martyr scapegoated by duplicitous British officials, Morant’s name does not appear on any Boer War memorials.

Tactical Takeaways

War Breeds Crime

Though often fought for noble and moral reasons, war inevitably brings out the worst in many combatants.

Murder Is Murder

Except under very specific circumstances the summary execution of prisoners is a war crime, as is the killing of civilian hostages.

Revenge Is No Tactic

History shows that the execution of military prisoners—or civilian hostages in retaliation for resistance to an occupying force—only prompts similar atrocities in return.



Nogales
Arizona

DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF

In 1918 residents of
the U.S.-Mexican border
town of Nogales went
to war with each other
By P.G. Smith

Nogales
Sonora
Mexico

In the summer of 1918 the international
border in Nogales ran down the center of
this street with guards but no barriers.



Venustiano Carranza



Nogales was unbearably hot in the summer of 1918, and tensions simmered between Mexican citizens on the Sonoran side of the border and their American neighbors on the Arizona side. Locals collectively referred to the divided communities as Ambos (or “both”) Nogales. Nothing more than a dusty road—International Street/Calle Internacional—separated the respective halves of the border town, but prejudices, injustice and bitterness deeply divided its residents. The situation was about to reach a flash point.

In mid-August U.S. Army intelligence handed Lt. Col. Frederick J. Herman a mysterious letter written by a man claiming to have been a major in the Mexican revolutionary forces of Gen. Francisco “Pancho” Villa. Herman,

Enraged at what he regarded as American treachery, Villa was determined to exact revenge

who commanded the black “buffalo soldiers” of the 10th U.S. Cavalry Regiment, also served as the military subdistrict commander in Nogales. He read the letter with deep concern, as its writer warned German agents were organizing and providing weapons to Mexicans for an assault on the Arizona border town later that month.

The message was consistent with intelligence reports from the south of strange gringos encouraging Mexicans take up arms against the United States. As Herman mulled the situation, he knew he could expect no reinforcements from U.S. forces then focused on the

war effort in Europe. In addition to the 10th Cavalry, Herman had at his disposal a detail of soldiers from the 35th U.S. Infantry Regiment, though the main body of that unit was preparing for deployment overseas. The U.S. commander ordered the remaining infantrymen to augment U.S. border agents in Nogales even as he watched with growing anxiety for signs of an impending attack in the scorching desert heat.

Around 4 p.m. on August 27 carpenter Zeferino Gil Lamadrid set out from a worksite on the U.S. side of Ambos Nogales bound for home. He carried a large parcel as he made his way across International Street toward the Mexican side. On high alert due to rumors of the expected attack, U.S. Customs Inspector Arthur G. Barber ordered Lamadrid to stop and present his parcel for inspection. On the south side of the street Mexican Customs Officer Francisco Gallegos urged the carpenter to disregard the *Americano's* order and continue into Mexico. Barber then drew his revolver and ordered Lamadrid to halt. The bewildered man stopped in the middle of the street, unsure whether to turn back or continue into Mexico.

Seeking to convince Lamadrid to return to the United States for inspection, U.S. Army Pvt. William H. Klint, who was backing Barber, raised his M1903 Springfield. Someone fired a shot, each side later blaming the other. On hearing the report, Lamadrid dropped to the ground, believing he was the target of gunfire. Thinking the carpenter had been shot, Gallegos drew his pistol and fired, severely wounding Klint in the face. Barber and Cpl. William Tucker returned fire, killing Gallegos and another Mexican official. Responding to the gunfire, Mexican soldiers and citizens alike started pouring toward the border. In the meantime, Lamadrid scrambled to his feet and scampered safely into Mexico.

On March 9, 1916, in a precursor of the fighting at Ambos Nogales, Pancho Villa (opposite, marked by an X) led 500 mounted guerrillas on a well-coordinated cross-border attack against Columbus, N.M.

The shootings were the collective spark that ignited a powder keg of pent-up anger in the border town. The worst was yet to come.

Tensions along the border had been on the rise since the 1846–48 war between the United States and Mexico. Under the terms of the subsequent Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo the Mexican government had been forced to cede some 529,000 square miles—the territory that comprises much of the present-day American Southwest. As instability and revolution continued to wrack Mexico in the early 20th century, incidents of cross-border raiding, crime and bloodshed increased in intensity and frequency.

By March 1913 leading Mexican political rivals Venustiano Carranza, Pancho Villa, Emiliano Zapata and Álvaro Obregón had forged a tenuous alliance to battle troops loyal to Gen. Victoriano Huerta, who a month earlier had seized the Mexican presidency in a violent coup. In April 1914 American President Woodrow Wilson tipped the scales by sending a force of U.S. Navy sailors and Marines to occupy the port of Veracruz, Huerta's supply base, after the general had foolishly detained a detail of sailors sent to shore to purchase fuel. The U.S. occupation stretched more than six months, enabling revolutionary forces to defeat Huerta's ill-supplied troops and prompt the Mexican president's resignation and self-exile.

To no one's surprise, Carranza and Villa then turned against each other in the struggle for power. In October 1915, in an effort to stabilize the United States' southern neighbor, Wilson recognized the ascendant Carranza as Mexico's legitimate president. While he stopped short of providing direct military assistance, Wilson did place an embargo on arms sales to Villa and allow Carranza's troops to travel by railroad through Texas to stand against Villa's forces at the Sonoran border town of Agua Prieta.

On November 1, as U.S. troops deployed opposite Agua Prieta to prevent the conflict from spilling across the border, civilian spectators crowded the rooftop of the Gadsden Hotel and other buildings in nearby Douglas, Ariz., to watch the battle between Villa's forces and the army of Carranza, ably led by Gen. Plutarco Elías Calles. That afternoon Villa—whose men outnumbered those of Calles more than 2-to-1—opened an artillery barrage that detonated many of the land mines placed around Calles' entrenched positions. As darkness fell, Villa launched several feints against Calles' defenses in preparation for a massed cavalry assault.

On signal just after midnight thousands of Villa's horsemen thundered toward the enemy trenches. Before the cavalrymen reached Calles' lines, however, two searchlights pierced the darkness, illuminating the riders

for defending machine-gunners. The ensuing slaughter, coupled with subsequent mass desertions, threats of mutiny and supply problems, virtually eliminated Villa's army as a credible force. Although it's unclear whether the searchlights belonged to the Americans or Carranza's forces, it is likely the United States provided help with the illumination. Enraged at what he regarded as American treachery, Villa was determined to exact revenge.

As the rebel leader withdrew into the mountainous interior of Chihuahua to rebuild his army, a different group of Mexican insurgents launched what amounted to a race war in south Texas (see "Bloodshed in 'Magic Valley,'" by Mike Coppock, online at HistoryNet.com). Bound together by a revolutionary manifesto called the Plan of San Diego, these *Sedicionistas* sought to unite Mexicans, Mexican-Americans, American Indians and blacks in a guerrilla war to murder every Anglo male over age 16 and reclaim all the territory lost in the Mexican War. The rebels also targeted any *Tejanos* (Texans of Hispanic descent) unwilling to join them. The shadowy group launched some 30 raids against ranches, railroads,



10th Cavalry

Formed after the Civil War for service in the Western United States during the Indian wars, the 10th Cavalry initially comprised black troops led by white officers. Integrated after the Korean War, the regiment has since seen combat in Vietnam, Iraq and Afghanistan.



President Woodrow Wilson's order that U.S. troops pursue Villa into Mexico after the Columbus raid garnered widespread public and media support.



Above: Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing led the 1916 U.S. expedition into Mexico. By the time of the 1918 Battle of Ambos Nogales, he was commanding U.S. forces in World War I Europe. Above right: U.S. troops muster near Nogales.

telegraph lines and other targets in the border region, killing nearly two dozen U.S. citizens. In one particularly gruesome incident raiders captured, tortured and decapitated an unfortunate U.S. Army soldier, displaying his severed head atop a pole along the border.

Reaction to the Plan of San Diego raids was swift and fierce. Texas Rangers, local lawmen and vigilantes rounded up and summarily executed any Mexican male thought to be associated with the movement, until the U.S. Army stepped in to put a damper on the violence. While the

Cross-border hostility grew more intense by the day. In August 1918 the cork would pop

Plan of San Diego bandits faded away or were killed, the raids and the bloody reaction to them further inflamed hatred and distrust along the border.

Weakened, but not defeated, Villa's forces emerged from hiding and on Jan. 10, 1916, seized a train near Chihuahua City, Mexico. Aboard were American miners returning to work U.S.-owned properties in the region on Carranza's assurances of their safety. Ordering all passengers from the train, the raiders pulled aside 17 of the Americans and executed them on the spot; one survived to spread word of the attack. Two months later Villa committed a far bolder act of vengeance for U.S. complicity in his defeat at Agua Prieta.

Shortly after 4 a.m. on March 9 the rebel leader led an estimated 500 mounted guerrillas in a well-coordinated,

multipronged cross-border assault against Columbus, N.M., and the nearby U.S. Army post of Camp Furlong. In the ensuing raid Villa's men set much of the town on fire. Fighting side by side, the townspeople and soldiers managed to repulse the raiders, but not before some eight U.S. troops and 10 civilians were killed. The citizen-soldier army in turn killed upward of 80 Villistas, whose bodies were later stacked and burned.

News of the Columbus raid prompted nationwide outrage, followed by widespread demand for action. Heeding the call, within days Wilson placed U.S. Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing in command of a large expeditionary force (ultimately numbering some 10,000 men) with orders to pursue and apprehend Villa. Although Pershing kept the raiders scattered and on the run, Villa himself eluded capture, and cross-border raids continued to plague the Southwest. By August the president had called up more than 140,000 National Guards troops to secure the southern border. Finally, in January 1917, as events in Europe demanded his attention, Wilson recalled Pershing's troops and ended the punitive expedition into Mexico.

A month later U.S. Ambassador to the United Kingdom Walter Hines Page received a copy of an intercepted telegram from Arthur Zimmermann, a high-level civil servant of the German Foreign Office in Berlin, to the German Embassy in Mexico City. The Zimmermann Telegram, as it came to be known, directed German Ambassador Heinrich von Eckardt to offer financial support to the Carranza government in exchange for hostile action against the United States. German agents in Mexico were already seeking to foment and organize Mexican attacks.

The revelation of the telegram coincided with the announcement of Kaiser Wilhelm II's decision to resume unrestricted submarine warfare, which the German Foreign Office realized would draw the Americans into World War I. Wilson, who had steadfastly maintained the neutrality of the United States in the European war, was forced to yield to a popular wave of anger against

German provocations. Accordingly, at the president's urging, Congress declared war on Germany on April 6.

Pershing, since promoted to major general, was given command of the American Expeditionary Forces. As he worked to muster almost every available Army unit into the woefully unprepared AEF, U.S. forces along the Mexican border were stretched thin.

To make matters worse, that New Year's Eve in Ambos Nogales border sentry Pvt. John Andrews of the 35th Infantry shot and killed off-duty Mexican customs agent Francisco Mercado as the latter attempted to cross into the United States. Mexican witnesses claimed that Mercado, who had ignored three separate warnings from Andrews, didn't understand English. The shooting sparked a riot before U.S. and Mexican officials intervened. On March 22, 1918, in separate incidents, a U.S. cavalryman on patrol in Douglas was shot by a mounted gunman on the Mexican side of the border, and an unidentified Mexican was shot at the border crossing in Nogales after failing to heed a U.S. soldier's order to halt. Cross-border hostility grew more intense by the day. Five months later the cork would pop.

No sooner had the smoke cleared from the border gunfight in Ambos Nogales on Aug. 27, 1918, than a hail of concentrated fire erupted from the south side of town, as Mexican soldiers and armed civilians advanced on the international line. Much of the firepower came from entrenched machine guns and sniper holes in the surrounding Sonoran hills, suggesting the Mexicans had been preparing to mount a full-scale attack.

As the Mexican riflemen advanced, Lt. Oliver Fannin and some 20 enlisted troops of the 35th Infantry threw together a stubborn defense. Fannin would receive the Distinguished Service Cross for his actions, as well as a testimonial from 33 of the leading U.S. citizens of Nogales. "Lt. Fannin hurried to the boundary line the reserve of the guard," it read in part, "and taking position, he stood off the attack until the garrison could be brought to the line."

On hearing the gunfire, Col. Herman phoned in an alert to subdistrict headquarters and raced to Ambos Nogales in his staff car to assume command. Soldiers of the 10th Cavalry from nearby Camp Stephen D. Little soon arrived at the border on horseback or in whatever motor vehicles were available. Herman understood the key to any effective defense of the border was possession of the hills to the east and west, which offered clear fields of fire into both sides of town.

Herman first ordered Capt. Roy V. Morledge, commander of the 10th Cavalry's Troop A, to lead a detachment of dismounted cavalrymen into the Mexican district. Taking fire from the surrounding hills and urban snipers, the troopers took cover in a building just south of the

The casualties and damage inflicted on Columbus during Villa's 1916 raid into New Mexico virtually ensured the U.S. government would react with force to any future incursions across the southern border.



Campaign Hat

Traditionally associated with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Marine Corps drill instructors, U.S. National Park Rangers and the Boy Scouts, the peaked, wide-brimmed campaign hat was standard issue in the U.S. Army from 1911 into World War II.

COLUMBUS, N.M., AFTER VILLA'S RAID



Southern Border Crisis

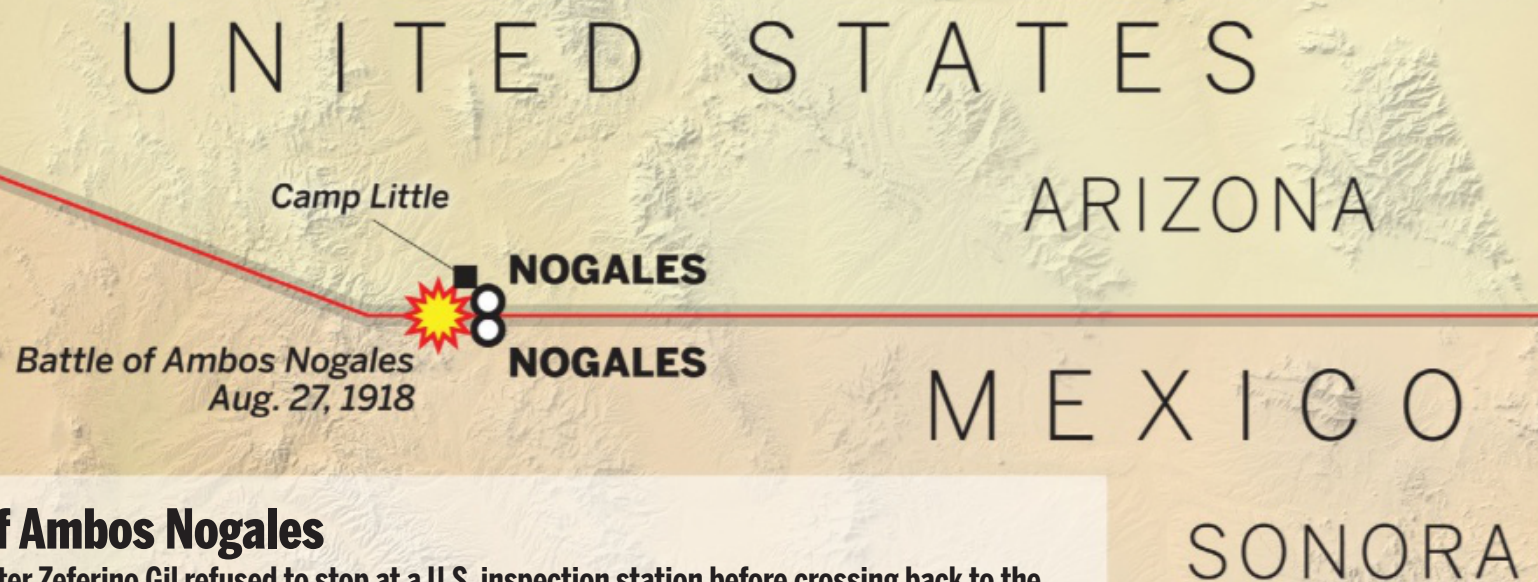
A scan of today's headlines might leave one with the false impression that tension along the U.S.-Mexican line is a new phenomenon. In fact, the neighboring nations have spent more than a century and a half hashing over the parameters and nature of their shared border. Nor are fences a new thing, the first ones being built amid strained relations during the decade-long (1910–20) Mexican Revolution and concurrent world war.

Border raids by Mexican rebels with varying aims brought the U.S. Army into the fray. In 1915 soldiers restored peace along the Texas-Chihuahua line after so-called *Sedicionistas* sought to incite a race war. That same year American intervention on behalf of troops under presumptive Mexican President Venustiano Carranza at Agua Prieta provoked rival leader Pancho Villa into mounting a March 1916 raid against Columbus, N.M. Such incidents and rumors of an invasion were enough to spark the 1918 Battle of Ambos Nogales. **MH**



Piecing Together a Boundary

The U.S.-Mexican border has been a hot spot since Anglo and Hispanic settlers alike declared independence from Mexico and formed the breakaway Republic of Texas in 1836. Its 1845 annexation by the United States and the 1846–48 Mexican War only inflamed tensions. The subsequent 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo called for a defeated Mexico to cede some 529,000 square miles to the United States. In 1854 the financially strapped Mexican government sold another 29,670-square-mile strip of land (present-day southern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico) to its northern neighbor in the Gadsden Purchase. That acquisition all but completed the international border we know today.



Battle of Ambos Nogales

When carpenter Zeferino Gil refused to stop at a U.S. inspection station before crossing back to the Sonoran side of town, the resulting exchange of shots by border guards flared into outright combat, involving troops and civilians from both sides. By the time the smoke cleared, 129 Mexicans and six Americans lay dead. A fence soon went up along the border, and the barriers grow longer by the day.

miles	10	15
km	10	20

The Nation Across the Street

Telegraph poles and less than 100 feet of dusty track were all that once separated the Arizonan and Sonoran halves of this U.S.-Mexican border town—known by locals as Ambos (or “both”) Nogales. Those seeking to cross were expected to present themselves to U.S. inspectors before strolling to the other side of International Street/Calle Internacional. Refusal to do so by a Mexican carpenter on Aug. 27, 1918, triggered a pitched gun battle.



NEW MEXICO

COLUMBUS

Camp Furlong

Battle of Columbus
March 9, 1916

Battle of Columbus

Rebounding from his defeat at Agua Prieta, and still bearing a grudge against the United States for its support of his rival Carranza, Villa led a band of 500 mounted guerrillas on a looting and shooting spree in this New Mexico border town. Soldiers from nearby Camp Furlong rallied to citizens' aid and beat back the *Villistas*. The raid prompted a punitive expedition into Mexico, but Villa evaded capture.

DOUGLAS

Second Battle of Agua Prieta
Nov. 1, 1915

8

AGUA PRIETA

CHIHUAHUA

Second Battle of Agua Prieta

Amid the Mexican Revolution the forces of rival leaders Villa and Carranza met at this Chihuahua border town as American spectators looked on from rooftops in neighboring Douglas, Ariz. A month earlier U.S. President Woodrow Wilson had recognized Carranza as Mexican president, and the Americans provided his troops with tactical and strategic support at Agua Prieta—a slight Villa wouldn't forget.



Civilians look on as Mexican troops use a donkey-drawn wagon to collect the bodies of those killed in the Battle of Ambos Nogales.



Battle of Ambos Nogales

800

U.S. TROOPS

5

KILLED

PLUS: ONE CIVILIAN KILLED, 29 SOLDIERS AND SEVERAL CIVILIANS WOUNDED

UNKNOWN

MEXICAN TROOPS

30

KILLED

PLUS: 95–100 COMBATANTS NOT IN UNIFORM KILLED, TWO SUSPECTED GERMAN AGENTS KILLED, 300 SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS WOUNDED

border. “It seemed as though everybody in Nogales was shooting from the windows toward the border,” Morledge recalled. The men soon realized they had taken refuge in the Concordia Club, a local house of ill repute. On recognizing a familiar customer, one of the “frightened señoritas” exclaimed, “Sergeant Jackson, are we all glad to see you!”

On orders from Herman, Morledge launched an assault against a Mexican position on the heights south of town, directing his force up the hillside in squad rushes. After dislodging the defenders, Morledge assessed his casualties—just five men wounded. The Mexicans weren’t as fortunate. “I hope we only hit those who were shooting,” the captain noted in his after-action report. “But there were a lot of bodies lying around.”

Herman next ordered Troop C of the 10th Cavalry, under Capt. Joseph D. Hungerford, to take and hold Reservoir Hill, a ridgeline to the southeast from which entrenched Mexican forces were laying down a withering fire. As he led his troopers in a dash up the scrub-covered hillside, Hungerford was killed by a bullet through the heart. First Sgt. James T. Penny took command, driving the Mexicans from their positions.

As the Americans advanced to take Titcomb Hill, another hilltop vantage, the men of the 35th Infantry supported troopers of the 10th Cavalry. Wounded in the right forearm early in the attack, Troop F commander Capt. Henry Caron was carried to safety by 1st Sgt. Thomas Jordan, who took command of the assault force. Two Americans were killed before the soldiers managed to dislodge Mexican defenders and occupy the hilltop.

Hearing of the battle on the border, individual American soldiers from the surrounding region made their way piecemeal to town. One 10th Cavalry trooper arrived on a horse riding bareback and wearing nothing but a hospital gown. Dismounting at the camp ordnance depot, the soldier practically begged for a rifle and ammunition. The quartermaster sergeant provided both, though not before having the man sign a receipt for the weapon. Another quartermaster soldier, Pfc. James Flavian Lavery, would receive the Distinguished Service Cross for “braving the heaviest fire, repeatedly entering the zone of fire with his motor truck and carrying wounded men to places of safety, thereby saving the lives of several soldiers.”

Tenth Cavalry Lt. William Scott was riding toward Ambos Nogales on a motorcycle when the battle broke out. Apparently familiar with the sandy desert trails around town, Scott navigated through the brush to a hillside offering a clear field of fire into the Mexican district. Armed with a .45-caliber pistol and a lever-action Win-

Tactical Takeaways

Borders Are Porous

No matter how well guarded or fortified, international borders offer no real barrier to a determined and resourceful invader.

Mobility Counts

Whether provided by horses, wheeled vehicles or aircraft, the ability to project force over distance is essential to victory.

Clear the Heights

An enemy occupying the high ground often gains an inherent advantage by being able to observe—and direct fire on—the larger battlefield.

chester rifle, Scott engaged in solitary countersniper fire, picking off unsuspecting Mexican gunmen until the battle was over.

Although U.S. forces held most of the high ground and managed to establish a rooftop machine-gun position, fighting raged throughout Ambos Nogales well into evening. Civilians on both sides joined in the fray, either out of sheer animosity or in self-defense. On the U.S. side Pat Shannon—the daughter of a Chicago doctor, who worked as a pianist at the local theater—gamely loaded ammunition for two civilians firing from the windows of her hotel room. Customs officer Gaston Reddoch armed himself with a wounded soldier's rifle and returned fire until mortally wounded in the neck by a sniper's bullet. He was

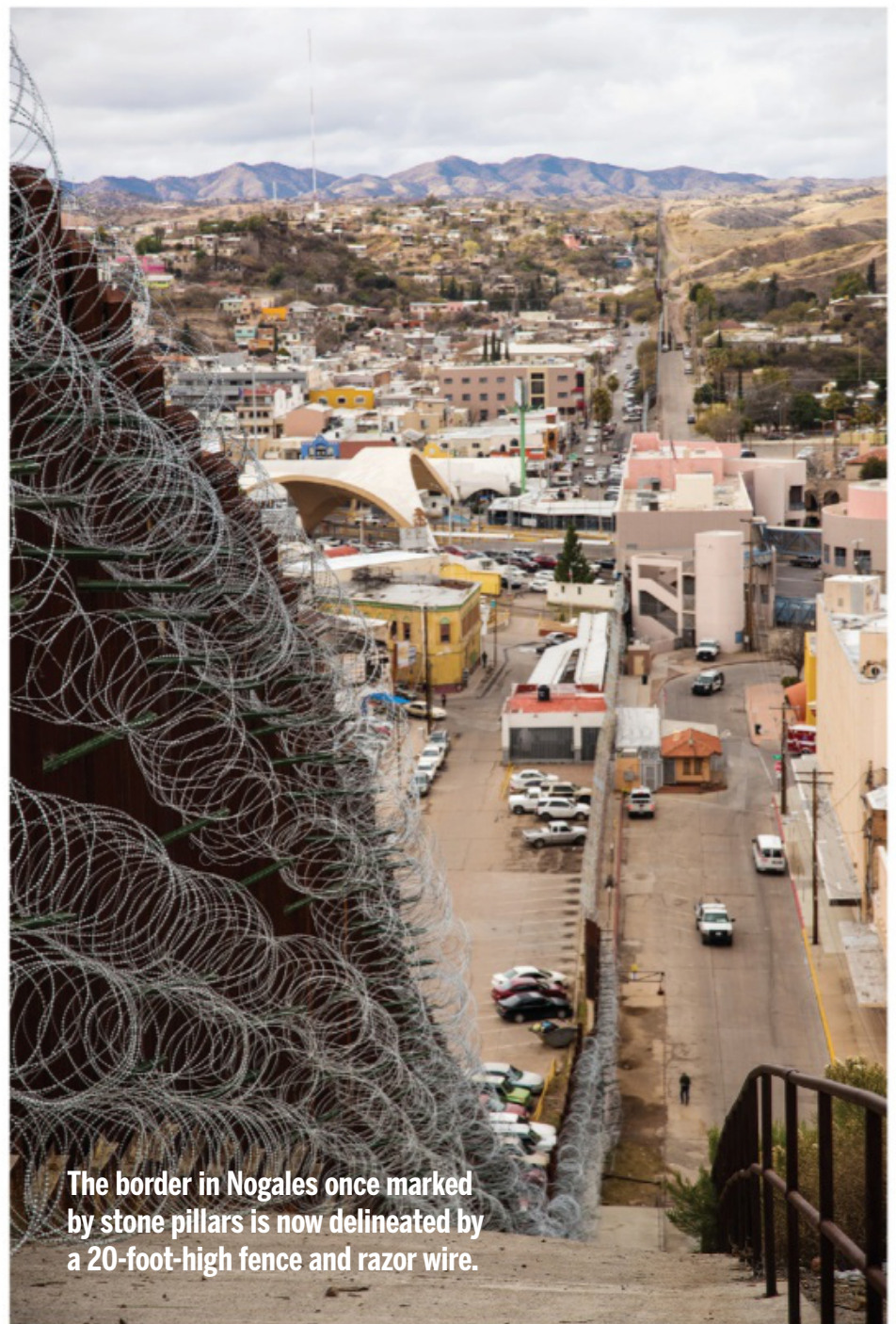
the only known U.S. civilian killed in the battle.

As the casualties mounted, Mayor Félix Peñaloza of Nogales, Sonora, tied a white handkerchief to the end of his walking stick and rushed into the streets. While pleading with his fellow citizens to end the bloodshed, the 52-year-old was struck down by gunfire. Bystanders carried the mortally wounded mayor to a nearby pharmacy, where he died within minutes.

Amid the chaos the U.S. and Mexican consuls, Herman and various other civil and military officials somehow managed to communicate with one another and eventually coordinate a cease-fire. On arrangement at 7:45 p.m. Sonoran officials in Nogales had white flag flown from their prominent customs house, and Herman ordered his troops to put up their guns.

The respective representatives met in an open plaza near the border, despite the risk posed by random potshots. “A sniper's bullet cut off a small limb of a tree that fell pretty close to me,” recalled Lt. Fannin, who served as Herman's aide at the meeting. “I felt like diving into a big ditch that was close to us.” Herman, who had suffered a bullet wound to the right thigh, demanded the Mexicans surrender and wholly disarm, but the diplomats negotiated a more amenable cessation of hostilities. Though sniper fire persisted through the night, the Battle of Ambos Nogales was over.

After conducting an investigation into the causes of the incident, Mexican and U.S. officials opened negotiations to re-establish peace in the border area. Hostilities flared briefly in late August, after an American trooper wounded by sniper fire retaliated by wounding a Mexican soldier. But cooler heads prevailed, containing the incident.

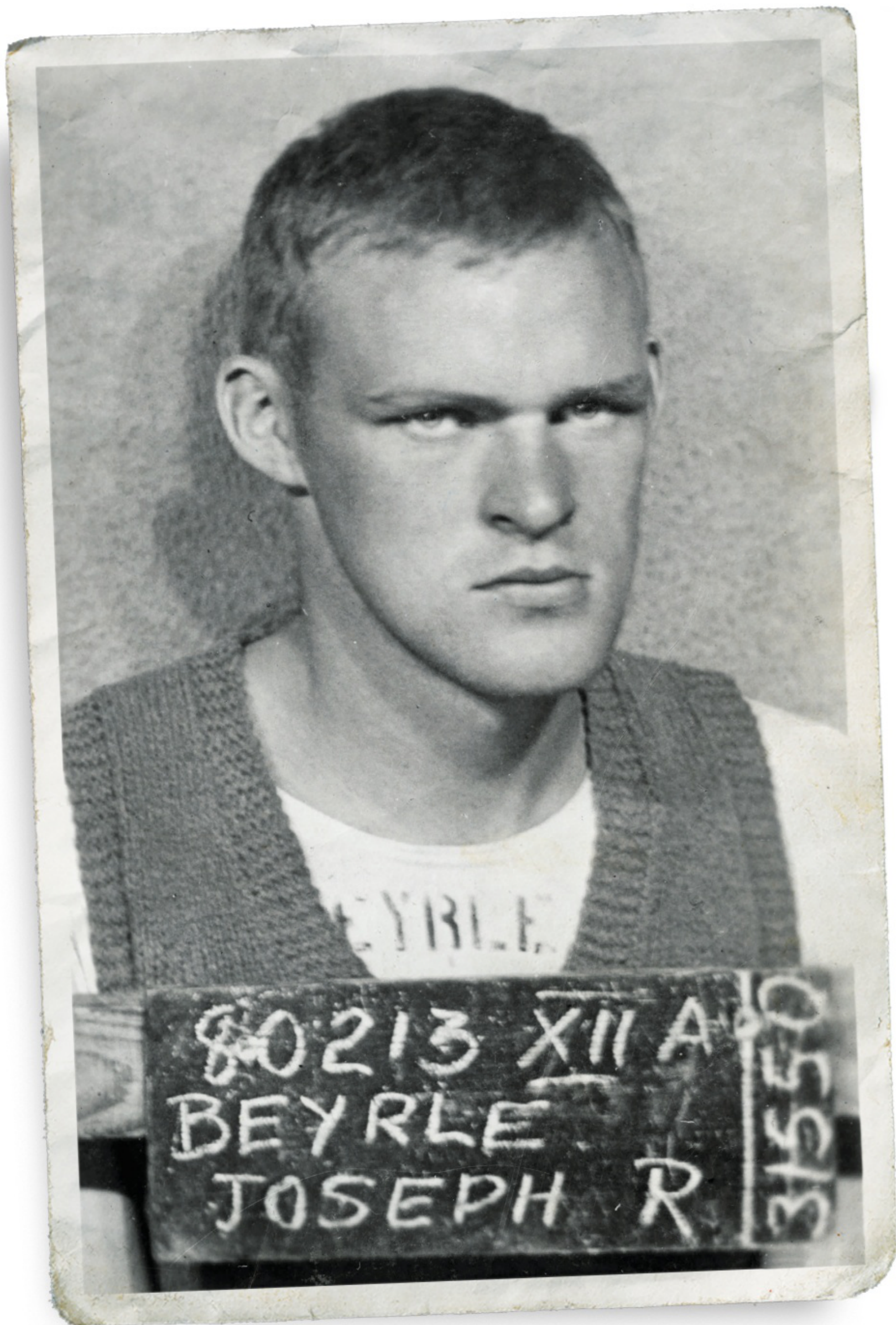


The border in Nogales once marked by stone pillars is now delineated by a 20-foot-high fence and razor wire.

In the final tally the U.S. Army had suffered five killed and 29 wounded during the fighting in Nogales. Mexican casualties were estimated at 129 killed (including 30 federal troops) and some 300 wounded. According to U.S. intelligence reports, the bodies of two German agents also turned up in the aftermath of the fighting. Their identities were not recorded, nor were the papers found on them preserved, but it is likely they had helped incite hostilities.

Perhaps the most enduring legacy of the Battle of Ambos Nogales was a mutual agreement to construct a 2-mile-long border fence down the middle of International Street. In the ensuing decades the fence has grown into a substantial barrier. Today it serves to contain any lingering resentment or hostility, helping to keep the peace between uneasy neighbors. **MH**

Retired Army Brig. Gen. P.G. Smith—who once served on border security missions near Nogales, Ariz.—teaches counterterrorism strategy at Nichols College in Dudley, Mass. For further reading he recommends The Hunt for Pancho Villa: The Columbus Raid and Pershing's Punitive Expedition, 1916–17, by Alejandro M. de Quesada, and U.S. Army on the Mexican Border: A Historical Perspective, edited by Celio Brogini.



WHEN GI JOE SAW RED

Nazi-hating Sergeant Joe Beyrle served in both the U.S. Army and Soviet Red Army during World War II
By Daniel Ramos

Beyrle's loathing for his German captors is manifest in this mug shot, taken on his arrival at POW camp Stalag XII-A in July 1944.



Beyrle's June 6, 1944, jump into German-occupied France earned him a bronze combat star on his Parachutist Badge.

Waves of C-47 Skytrains in formation flew east across the English Channel toward Normandy under cover of darkness, an overcast sky eclipsing the stars and moon above. In one plane a stick of 16 paratroopers from Company I of the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment (506th PIR), 101st Airborne Division, sat silent, each man lost in thought. Their mission was clear enough: From their drop zone they were to move south, seize two footbridges at the mouth of the Douve River and expand them into a bridgehead.

Over the Cotentin Peninsula a dense fog enveloped the landscape, providing additional cover but sending the formation into disarray. As the fog cleared, the planes began to take heavy anti-aircraft fire. Hit by flak, a few of the C-47s lurched and plummeted to the

Landing with a thud on the roof of a church, he tumbled down and dropped to the ground

ground, one in flames. As Company I's plane fishtailed across the sky, it dropped from 700 feet down to 400 feet, shuddering as it descended.

The jumpmaster began to bark out commands:

"Stand up!...Hook up!...Sound off for equipment check!"

When he opened the door, the wind noise and engine roar required him to holler even louder. "Stand in the door!" A moment passed before he tripped the green light. "Go!"

Technical Sergeant Joseph Beyrle grabbed the doorframe for balance before throwing himself into chaos. As his chute opened, tracer rounds crisscrossed the sky around him, some striking his fellow troopers. Within 30 seconds of leaping from the plane, Beyrle found himself drifting down toward a church, bursts of gunfire issuing from its steeple. Landing with a thud

on the roof, he tumbled down its steep grade and dropped 15 feet to the ground. Recalling the pictures, maps and sand tables from his company's intensive mission briefings, Beyrle realized he was in Saint-Côme-du-Mont, a half-mile from the unit's intended drop zone and 3 miles west of the Douve River bridges.

German troops scurried to and fro, their silhouettes in motion against a blazing house in the village. Hoping to link up with his fellow paratroopers, Beyrle headed toward their assigned objective. Over the next 20 hours he cautiously made his way east, en route carrying out the secondary objective of harassing German forces. Beyrle knocked out a power substation with explosive charges and hurled grenades at passing groups of German soldiers. While maneuvering through hedgerow country, he heard a rustle in the thickets and decided to chance making contact. Taking out his cricket—the small metallic signaling device issued to airborne soldiers—he squeezed off a single-tap *click-clack* to request identification.

Expecting the requisite *click-clack*, *click-clack* in reply, Beyrle instead heard a gruff German voice commanding, "*Hände hoch!*" ("Hands up!")

Joe Beyrle was no stranger to privation and hard work. Born in Muskegon, Mich., on Aug. 25, 1923, he was the fifth of seven siblings who came of age during the Great Depression. At the low point Beyrle's father lost his factory job. Evicted from their house, the family moved in next door with Joe's maternal grandmother. To help meet the family's needs the boy swept floors for loose change, rummaged grocery store bins for discarded food and patiently stood in lines for government handouts. He became a gifted track and field athlete in high school, but when the United States declared war after the Dec. 7, 1941, Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Joe declined a scholarship to Notre Dame and instead volunteered for the Army's new airborne forces. There was just one problem: Joe was color-blind.

At the local recruiting office Joe asked the sergeant in charge whether his color-blindness would disqualify him from the airborne, as he would be unable to differentiate between the red and green signal lights prior to a jump.



Beyrle's stateside airborne training included five jumps. Middle: Gen. Dwight Eisenhower speaks with paratroopers of the 101st on the eve of D-Day. Bottom: Beyrle poses in his jump wings and stripes.

The sergeant asked Joe if he'd ever gotten a traffic ticket for running a red light.

"No," Beyrle replied.

"Then don't worry," said the sergeant, "A dozen guys will push you out when the light changes." With an approval stamp on his application, Beyrle was accepted into the U.S. Army.

After his induction at Fort Custer, Mich., Beyrle was sent to Camp Toccoa, Ga. There he was assigned to the 506th PIR, whose motto, "Currahee," is the Cherokee word for "stand alone." After basic training Joe specialized in radio communications and demolition and was eventually promoted to technical sergeant.

On Sept. 17, 1943, a year to the day Beyrle had enlisted in the Army, the 506th PIR arrived in Britain and hopped a train for Ramsbury, England, just west of London. For the next nine months the men trained hard for the anticipated Allied invasion of Nazi-occupied Europe. American paratroopers conducted combat exercises in the countryside, while Allied ground troops practiced amphibious landings along the coast. Meanwhile, behind closed doors military planners worked out the details of Operation Overlord.

In April 1944 Beyrle was one of three 506th PIR volunteers selected for a covert airborne mission into Nazi-occupied Normandy to deliver bandoliers filled with gold coins to the French Resistance. In the dead of night the trio dropped into a field near the town of Alençon, where they connected with Resistance fighters before being smuggled back to Britain. In early May they repeated the feat. A month later, on June 6, Beyrle would again parachute into France, though this time there would be no speedy return to Ramsbury.

After his capture by German troops Beyrle joined other POWs in a column marching south toward the enemy garrison at Carentan, en route coming under artillery fire from advancing American units. During the barrage Beyrle was struck in the left buttock by shrapnel and blown into a nearby ditch. Recovering from the shock, he helped bandage and apply tourniquets to a pair of fellow GIs whose legs had been blown off. Amid the confusion, Beyrle and two other POWs melted into the roadside brush and ran for it. Losing his captors and fellow fugitives in the hedgerows, Beyrle wandered aimlessly for hours until recaptured.

The Germans loaded Beyrle and other American POWs into trucks and sent them farther inland to Saint-Lô. That column, too, came under attack—strafed by U.S. aircraft. Fortunately there were no further casualties. Later that night Allied bombers turned most of Saint-Lô



On being captured Beyrle was sent first to Stalag XII-A in Limburg, then moved to Stalag III-C. The first camp was liberated in late March 1945.

into rubble, killing scores of Germans and French civilians, though not one bomb struck the stable in which the prisoners were held. The next morning the POWs were marched south to the village of Tessy-sur-Vire, outside of which was a walled monastery the Germans had turned into a holding pen. The prisoners soon dubbed it “Starvation Hill.”

Bounced to yet another compound, Beyrle and fellow POWs endured austere conditions as the Germans put

them to work rebuilding the rail lines that had come under continual Allied bombardment. Next moved to a warehouse near Paris, the men sat idle for two weeks with little food and water. After a humiliating march through the streets of the French capital, during which onlookers spat on and pelted Beyrle and the others with food, the Germans loaded the POWs onto an eastbound train, its boxcars overcrowded and lacking sanitary facilities. During the journey Allied fighter planes strafed the train, killing several prisoners and wounding some two dozen others on Beyrle’s boxcar alone. But the train didn’t stop. The POWs remained locked inside for five more days before reaching their destination.

When the train finally rolled to a stop and the boxcar doors opened, the prisoners

found themselves at Stalag XII-A in Limburg, Germany. There Beyrle and the others were formally registered as POWs, then given numbers, a shower, a shave and a chance to write home to their families. A week later the Germans loaded the prisoners on another train, bound for a camp south of Berlin. Finally, on Sept. 17, 1944, Beyrle arrived at Stalag III-C in Alt-Drewitz, Germany (present-day Drzewice, Poland), 50 miles due east of Berlin.

Among the most precious commodities in the POW camps were cigarettes, which served as a form of currency

and as bargaining chips. Soon after arriving at Stalag III-C, Beyrle won 60 packs of cigarettes in a dice game, and he and two fellow prisoners decided to bribe a guard with the coveted smokes in exchange for an opportunity to escape.

Having worked out a deal with the guard, Beyrle and his companions—whom he later recalled only as Brewer and Quinn—cut through the perimeter wire and made their way to a rail yard just south of the camp. According to an informant, each night a train would pass through bound east for Poland, where the trio hoped to connect with either the Polish Resistance or advancing Russian troops. They managed to sneak onto the designated train, but when it stopped a few hours later, Beyrle and companions were horrified to find themselves in Berlin, the capital of Nazi Germany.

Beyrle, Brewer and Quinn had no option but to remain hidden in the freight car the entire day. That night, while making their way across the darkened rail yard, the men encountered an elderly German worker. Explaining their predicament, Joe offered the man several packs of cigarettes in exchange for his help. The German agreed, then continued on his rounds. Later the next day he returned with bread, sausage and beer, and at nightfall he hid the fugitives in his wagon and took them to meet with members of the German underground, who promised to help the trio return to Allied lines. Meanwhile, they concealed the fugitives in the basement of a safe house.

The next morning the escapees woke to the sounds of gunshots and raised voices from upstairs. The Gestapo had gotten wind of the safe house, and its agents soon found the Americans in hiding. Beyrle later recalled the aftermath:

In the next seven to 10 days we found out everything we had heard about the Gestapo was true. We were interrogated, tortured, kicked, knocked around, walked on, hung up by our arms backward, hit with whips, clubs and rifle butts. When you thought they could do no more, they would think of other ways to torture you. When you would slip into semiconsciousness, they would start again. This went on for days at a time, and then they would dump you into a cold, dark cell with no sanitary facilities and dirty from a previous occupant.

Days into the brutal interrogation session a group of Wehrmacht officers arrived at Gestapo headquarters to reclaim the escaped POWs, asserting the trio remained under military jurisdiction. Spared further torment by the Gestapo, the fugitives were returned to Stalag III-C. As punishment for their escape each man was sentenced to 30 days of solitary confinement in a 6-by-4-foot cage with meager rations of black bread and water. As tem-



506th PIR

Formed in 1942, the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment saw action in France and Germany in 1944–45. Since redesignated the 506th Infantry Regiment, the unit has served in combat in Vietnam, Iraq and Afghanistan.



Top: A Red Army soldier gestures with his PPD-40 sub-machine gun, likely the weapon Beyrle used during his time with the Soviets. Above: Russians surge forward during the advance on Berlin, in which Beyrle took part.

peratures were dropping sharply with the onset of winter, death by freezing was a real possibility. A week later all three were released from solitary when visiting members of the Red Cross intervened on their behalf.

By January 1945 Beyrle was once again contemplating escape. From radios they had secreted in their barracks the POWs learned Soviet troops were rapidly advancing through Poland, and Beyrle believed their best hope for freedom was to connect with the advancing Russians.

After much discussion he, Brewer and Quinn hatched an audacious escape plan. While in the exercise yard one would fake a seizure, and the other two would run for a stretcher. All three would then ostensibly head to the dispensary while POWs in the yard started a fight to distract the guards.

The attempt began auspiciously enough, the Germans becoming preoccupied by the commotion in the yard. Carrying Quinn on the stretcher, Beyrle and Brewer made



The commander of the Soviet tank unit Beyrle joined was most likely Aleksandra Samusenko.

slowly toward wary members of what turned out to be the Soviet 1st Guards Tank Army. Holding up a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes and smiling broadly, the American fugitive shouted out the only Russian phrase he'd memorized: "*Amerikanskiy tovarishch!*" ("American comrade!").

After a few tense moments the Soviets lowered their weapons and brought Beyrle before their commanding officer.

The American was shocked to find the Russian commander was an attractive young woman. Known to him only as "Major," she was likely Aleksandra Samusenko, a legendary tank commander who had received the coveted Order of the Red Star for taking out three German Tiger Tanks during the 1943 Battle of Kursk. Beyrle recalled their meeting:

I told her that I was an escaped U.S. POW, and I wanted to join them and go to Berlin with them and kill Nazis. After much consultation between the commander and the Soviet commissar, I was allowed to join them and was given a Russian submachine gun with a round drum.

Fighting their way into eastern Germany, the 1st Guards Tank Army ultimately found itself in the vicinity of Stalag III-C, Beyrle's onetime POW camp. Along the way the Russians encountered a group of American prisoners marching east from the camp under German guard. Sadly, several of the POWs were killed during the subsequent firefight with the enemy. The next day, January 31, Beyrle and the Russians stormed Stalag III-C, overwhelming the guards and freeing thousands of Allied prisoners.

After liberating the camp, Beyrle continued west with his Russian comrades, determined to reach Berlin. For the next two weeks he fought as a member of the 1st Guards Tank Army, witnessing some of the most brutal fighting of the campaign. Soviet troops were advancing in overwhelming strength and numbers, but resistance was intense as German forces fought desperately to defend the fatherland.

Early one morning the American sergeant was riding in the westbound Soviet column of U.S.-made Sherman tanks, just a few miles from Berlin, when a group of German Stuka dive-bombers swooped in from the rear. During the surprise attack Beyrle was badly wounded in the right leg and slipped in and out of consciousness as a Russian medic helped him to the rear. He was among dozens of wounded men evacuated to a Soviet field hos-



Red Banner

The first military decoration instituted by the Soviets, amid the Russian Civil War, the Order of the Red Banner recognized valor in combat. It was one of four decorations Russian President Boris Yeltsin awarded to Beyrle for his wartime service.

When Beyrle asked why he was being interrogated, he was told he had been killed in June 1944

fast, Beyrle jumped into a nearby stream, where the dogs lost his scent. Having escaped from captivity a third time, he headed east, resolving to reach Russian lines.

For the next three days Beyrle picked his way through German territory, the sounds of artillery and gunfire intensifying as he neared the front. During a period of particularly heavy fighting between German and Soviet troops he hid in the hayloft of a barn. After a while he heard the rumble of approaching tanks, soon accompanied by Russian voices. Clambering down from his hiding place, Beyrle emerged from the barn with hands high and walked

pital in Landsberg an der Warthe, Germany (present-day Gorzów Wielkopolski, Poland).

As Beyrle recovered, the hospital was honored with a surprise visitor—Marshal Georgy Zhukov, the Soviet Union's most decorated military commander. Zhukov was a veteran of World War I, the Russian Civil War and the undeclared Soviet-Japanese border war. During World War II he played a leading role in numerous campaigns and was one of only two men (the other being Leonid Brezhnev) awarded the title Hero of the Soviet Union four times. As Zhukov greeted the hospitalized troops, he was astonished to find an American. Through an interpreter Beyrle explained who he was, where he came from and how he wound up fighting with the Red Army. His story fascinated the Russian general, who promised to help him get home.

The next day Beyrle was told he would be transported to Moscow. With Zhukov's letter of introduction in hand, he made his way by truck convoy and hospital train to the outskirts of the Soviet capital. A senior Russian officer then escorted Beyrle to the U.S. Embassy just off Red Square, where he was promptly fed, doctored and given a clean uniform. The young American's excitement turned to disbelief, however, when he was spirited away to a nearby hotel for questioning by a pair of U.S. Army officers as an armed Marine sergeant looked on. When Beyrle asked why he was being interrogated, the men explained that, according to their records, Joseph R. Beyrle had been killed in action in France on June 10, 1944.

When Beyrle was captured on D-Day, a German soldier had taken his dog tags. Days later U.S. troops discovered the tags on an unidentified body in the Normandy countryside. Believing the corpse to be that of Beyrle, the Army had recorded his death and sent a telegram to his parents in Muskegon, informing them he'd been killed in action. The Catholic family had held a funeral Mass, and Joe's name was duly inscribed on his hometown war memorial. Only when his parents received Joe's postcard from Stalag XII-A in Limburg did they realize he remained alive. Apparently, though, they'd neglected to inform the Army.

A few days of questioning convinced the Army counterintelligence officers at the U.S. Embassy of Beyrle's identity, and he was eventually transported from Moscow to Naples, Italy, where he underwent surgery to remove the shrapnel from his wounds. On April 1 Beyrle shipped out for the 10-day voyage home. After three months of leave with his family in Michigan and four months of further rehabilitation at a military hospital in Florida, he was honorably discharged that November.

After the war Beyrle married (the ceremony performed by the very priest who'd presided over his "funeral") and raised a family. During a 1994 White House ceremony Russian President Boris Yeltsin presented the American former paratrooper with four decorations in



Top: The story of Beyrle's adventures as a POW and time with the Soviets was headline news on his return from Europe. Above: In 1994 Beyrle visited the French church that had been his rather bumpy landing spot 50 years earlier.

recognition of his wartime service with Soviet forces. On Dec. 12, 2004, the 81-year-old veteran of two armies died peacefully in his sleep while visiting Toccoa, Ga., where six decades earlier he had trained as a paratrooper. He was buried with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery. **MH**

Daniel Ramos is a researcher and freelance writer on military topics who works for the National September 11 Memorial & Museum in New York. For further reading he recommends Behind Hitler's Lines: The True Story of the Only Soldier to Fight for Both America and the Soviet Union in World War II, by Thomas H. Taylor.



BECOMING OTTOMAN

The Turkish dynasty rose from the dying embers of another once great empire

By Richard Tada

The Ottoman wars against the Byzantine empire culminated with Mehmed II's capture of Constantinople in May 1453.



Foreshadowing the Ottoman capture of Constantinople was the 1204 sack of the Orthodox capital by western Crusaders.

The Ottoman empire, among the greatest the world has seen, was founded by the eponymous Osman, a minor Turkish chieftain from northwestern Anatolia. His main rival was the declining and enfeebled Byzantine empire, which had once controlled all of Anatolia, though by the late 13th century encroaching Turks had driven it to the westward edges of the peninsula.

Still, at the turn of the 14th century the Ottomans themselves remained a minor power, one of a number of Turkish petty states in western Asia Minor. Osman enters recorded history—recorded, that is, by contemporary Byzantine historian George Pachymeres—around 1301 when he led a party of 100 nomads on a night raid against a Byzantine force north of the city of Nicaea, which he'd been harassing.

At a place called Telemaia, Osman and his band literally caught the enemy sleeping, riding in among them and spearing them as they lay on the ground. Thus rudely awakened, the Byzantines rallied and pursued their attackers, who fell back on nearby hills. There the Turkish horsemen halted and drove back their pursuers with volleys of arrows. In the resulting melee the Byzantine commander Mouzalon would have been captured were it not for a daring rescue by one of his bravest men.

The back story of the Ottoman empire began in 1204, nearly a century before Osman's fight at Telemaia, when Latin Christian (Catholic) soldiers of the misbegotten Fourth Crusade sacked Constantinople, terrorizing its

Orthodox Christian populace and driving the Byzantine government from its capital. For the next half-century the principal Byzantine state in exile was the empire of Nicaea, in western Anatolia. Guarding its



King of Kings

Following Michael VIII Palaiologos' brutal ascent to the Byzantine throne he ordered the creation of this dynastic banner. It incorporated four letter B's, thought to represent the initials of the usurper king's family motto (in Greek)—“King of Kings, Reigning Over Kings.”

eastern frontier was, in the words of one historian, a “localized militia” of sorts, whose members were granted tax exemptions as thanks for defending their lands from the Turks.

Founded and ably led by the House of Laskaris, the Nicaean state experienced several decades of relative peace and prosperity, winning the dynasty the support of the populace. Things fell apart, however, after third emperor Theodore II Laskaris died in 1258, leaving his 7-year-old son, John IV Laskaris, as ostensible heir to the throne. Scarcely four months later Michael Palaiologos, an ambitious statesman-general who

had forcibly claimed the position of regent to John IV, proclaimed himself co-emperor, as Michael VIII.

Ruling as de facto emperor, Michael commanded the imperial forces and in 1261 managed to wrest back Constantinople, restoring the Byzantine empire and cementing his legitimacy. No longer willing to share the throne, he ordered the blinding of John that year—reportedly on his 11th birthday—rendering the boy ineligible to reign. (John spent the remainder of his life as a monk.) In response to Michael's cruelty, Patriarch Arsenios Autoreianos, the leading cleric of the Orthodox Church, excommunicated the emperor. Arsenios' action was intolerable to Michael, as to effectively rule, any Byzantine emperor had to have the support of the church hierarchy. It took some doing, but in 1265 the scheming emperor managed to depose Arsenios and send him into exile.

That didn't end the controversy, as a number of clergymen in Asia Minor sided with Arsenios in denunciation of Michael. They ultimately formed an opposition party within the church dubbed the Arsenites. Regarding the emperor with general hostility, its members refused to accept the legitimacy of patriarchs appointed by Michael. But the Arsenite schism only spelled the beginning of the emperor's problems. Through his own misguided policies he managed to further alienate his Anatolian subjects.

Once he'd retaken Constantinople, Michael had to be continually on guard against renewed crusades from papal armies. To defend the western approaches of the empire, he needed more men, for which he looked to the eastern frontier. In a brilliant if devious move, he revoked the eastern militia's tax-exempt status, instead paying its members salaries for their continued military service. Left financially dependent on the state, the guardians accepted transfer to the west with little complaint. Those transfers in turn severely weakened the eastern defenses, crushing morale among the remaining guardians. Some went so far

as to defect to the ascendant Turks. According to Pachymeres, the emperor “spent all his energies on the west,” disregarding the very real danger massing along the eastern frontier.

Michael VIII had weakened his eastern defenses at exactly the wrong time, as by the late 13th century the Turks were on the move. In 1242 the Mongols had invaded Asia Minor and defeated the Seljuk sultanate, the Turkish state to the east of the old Nicaean state. The westward-riding Golden Horde drove before them a wave of Turkish nomads, bound straight for the Byzantine frontier. Antithetical to the empire's Christian roots, the new arrivals were Muslim (although not always theologically orthodox) whose religious fervor was sustained by clerics in their ranks. Fighting in bands of mounted archers, the hard-pressed Turks tested Byzantine defenses, launching raids, in the words of historian Donald M. Nicol, “with

No longer willing to share the throne, Michael ordered the blinding of 11-year-old John

the zeal of religious fanatics and with the desperation of men for whom there was no chance of retreat.”

To ameliorate ongoing threats from the west, Michael VIII brokered a deal with the papacy in 1274, agreeing to a union of the Catholic and Orthodox churches—meaning, of course, the latter would be subject to the former.

Osman





Michael VIII has soldiers hoist him skyward on a shield—an ancient ritual intended to show support for a newly appointed ruler.

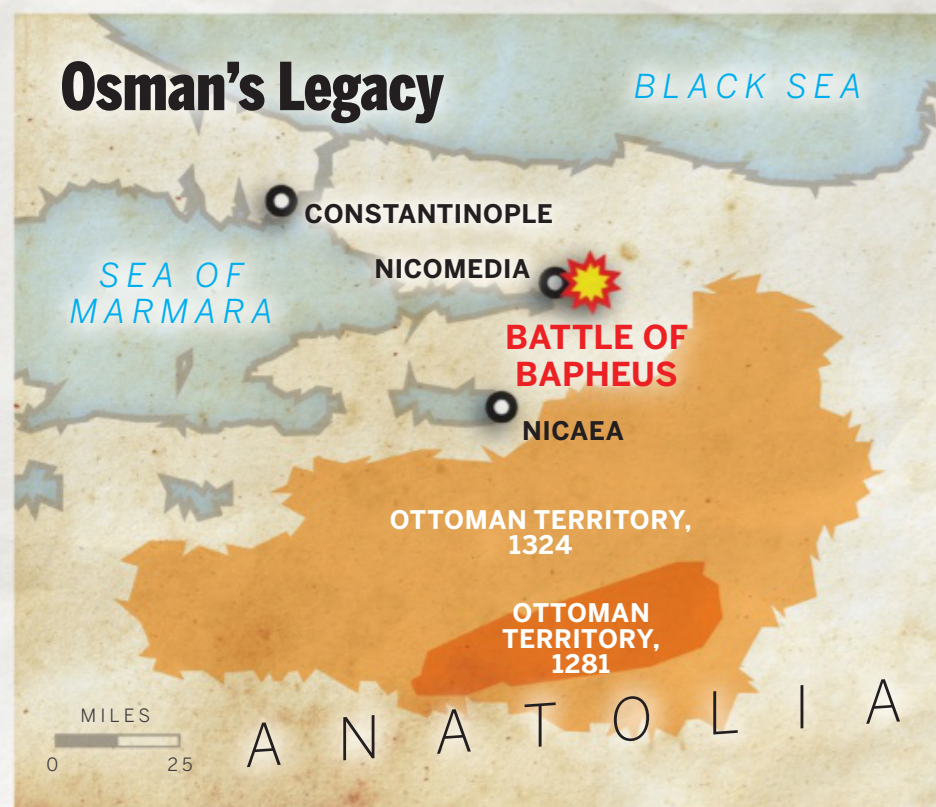
In exchange the papacy would forbid western rulers from launching attacks on Constantinople. When the majority Orthodox Christians in Byzantium refused to go along with such a scheme, Michael responded with a heavy hand, meting out blindings, mutilations, imprisonment and/or exile to anyone in opposition. He wound up tearing apart Byzantine society and, according to Nicol, “undermined the general will of the people to cooperate with their government for a true restoration of the empire.”

Michael VIII died in 1282 and was succeeded by his son, Andronikos II, a wholly different sort of man than his father. Whereas Michael was ruthless and decisive, Andronikos was mild-mannered and genuinely pious, immediately canceling his father’s deal with the papacy and doing his best to appease disaffected Arsenites in the Orthodox Church.

Unfortunately, Andronikos’ milder nature was borne out during his reign by his mild approach to policy-making. This was partly due to scarcity—his father’s heavy spending had depleted the treasury. That want especially hampered Andronikos’ efforts in Anatolia, where the empire’s fortunes continued to decline. In the face of increasing Turkish attacks, much of the Byzantine population abandoned the countryside and fled to Constantinople, other fortified cities or the Aegean islands. They had good reason, as any Christian taken alive by the Turks was liable to find himself sold into slavery. In an effort to stem the exodus, Andronikos spent a few years rebuilding fortifications in Asia Minor. But the handwriting was on the wall.

The institutions he had inherited from his father were breaking down. Previous emperors, including Michael, had supported Byzantine regular soldiers via the institution of *pronoia*—an imperial grant, not of land, but of revenues. For example, in reward for his service a soldier might be granted the taxes paid by peasants working a particular plot of land (although the distinction between land and revenue broke down over time). Originally, the *pronoia* were nontransferable and would revert to the crown on the beneficiary’s death. But by Andronikos’ reign families increasingly regarded the grants as hereditary, thus depriving the government of a significant source of revenue. The shift also saw large landowners accumulating *pronoia* rights over more and more property. Worst of all, the link between *pronoia* and military service was rapidly dissolving. It was imperative Andronikos fix the broken system.

Accordingly, in 1298 the emperor sent statesman-general John Tarchaneiotes to Anatolia to institute a set of reforms. But Michael VIII’s legacy continued to haunt Andronikos, for Tarchaneiotes was an Arsenite—a supporter of the patriarch who had excommunicated Michael for having blinded young John IV—while the patriarch



at the time was an anti-Arsenite opposed to Tarchaneiotes’ appointment. To placate the patriarch, Andronikos required Tarchaneiotes to swear an oath of allegiance to the emperor before setting out.

Though Tarchaneiotes had some initial successes in Anatolia, political controversies ultimately derailed his mission. Soldiers who had lost *pronoia* income as a result of his reforms brought charges of treason against him before the local bishop, an anti-Arsenite. The unpopular Tarchaneiotes was forced to flee Anatolia, around mid-1300, and his reforms were abandoned.

A year later Osman defeated Mouzalon at Telemaia. The situation in Anatolia looked bleak. Then something happened that must have brought a ray of hope to Andronikos.

Late in 1301 upward of 10,000 warriors, accompanied by their families, appeared on Byzantium’s northern frontier requesting admittance. They were Alans, an Iranian people of the north Caucasus, many of whose warriors had served in the Mongol armies of the Golden Horde. The Alans were also Orthodox Christians whose ancestors had been converted by Byzantine missionaries. (Their present-day descendants are the Ossetians, a people recently caught up in a dispute between Russia and Georgia.)

The arrival of the Alans meant Andronikos would have the manpower for campaigns he’d planned in Asia Minor. However, the empire would first need to equip the warriors and provide them with horses—an expensive proposition. Thus Andronikos levied additional taxes on the population. According to the 14th-century Byzantine historian Nicephorus Gregoras, tax collec-



Turban Helmet

Inscribed with verses from the Quran, this traditional Ottoman helmet—its bulbous shape meant to imitate the folds of a turban—is fitted with an aventail. The protective chain mail curtain was attached to the helmet by rivets and intended to protect the wearer’s lower face and neck.



Mehmed II's troops lay siege to Constantinople. After capturing the Byzantine capital, the sultan let his men indulge in three days of looting, rape and murder.

Tactical Takeaways

See the Bigger Picture

By focusing all his attention on defending his western borders, Michael VIII allowed Ottoman nomads to move in from the east.

Public Morale Counts

Michael's brutal response to his peoples' rejection of a pact with the papacy tore apart Byzantine society, leaving the empire ripe for Ottoman conquest.

A Win Brings Recruits

Though Osman began his campaign with relatively few troops, his ranks swelled after the Ottoman victory at the Battle of Telemaia.

tors seized both money and mounts from the people, leaving many destitute and resentful.

Then the Alans themselves became problematic, demanding to fight as a unit. Andronikos and his generals denied the request. Some historians claim that decision only hampered the Alans' combat effectiveness. But while splitting up the Alans may have sapped their morale—many deserted and returned to their families, since resettled in Thrace—the Byzantines had no choice, as between 1299 and 1301 the Turks had advanced along the western Anatolian frontier.

Andronikos sent the Alan reinforcements where and when needed. In the spring of 1302 one group of Alans, under the emperor's son and co-ruler Michael IX, headed south

to confront Turks in the onetime Nicene stronghold of Magnesia, but within months that force dissolved in mass desertions. Meanwhile, another group of Alans headed east across the Bosphorus to confront Osman, then on the move. The latter's victory at Telemaia, while small-scale, had brought him prestige and convinced other Turks to join him. His ranks thus swelled, Osman moved north against the walled city of Nicomedia, at the base of the small peninsula pointing daggerlike toward Constantinople.

The Alans were to reinforce the Byzantine troops guarding Nicomedia, which remained under Mouzalon's command despite his recent defeat at Telemaia. Mouzalon's combined Byzantine-Alan force comprised some 2,000 men. Advancing to meet them in late July 1302 was a Turkish force of some 5,000 mounted warriors under Osman. The opposing armies met in battle at Bapheus, a location lost to history, though known to have been within running distance of Nicomedia.

According to Pachymeres, the Byzantine troops at Bapheus were initially eager to defend their native soil. That is, until Mouzalon, showing no greater military acumen than when caught napping at Telemaia, decided to confiscate horses and equipment from his Byzantines and redistribute them to the Alans. Predictably, Byzantine morale collapsed, and their attacks against the Turks lacked conviction.

The Turks sensed that lack of resolve, and when they launched their own attack, they quickly gained the upper hand. Pachymeres described the match as unequal both "in number and in will." Those Byzantines not killed took to their heels in flight toward Nicomedia.



Symbolizing the victory of Osman's dynasty over the Byzantines was the transformation of Constantinople's Hagia Sophia cathedral into a mosque.

Then the Alans went into action, proving their worth. Using tactics they had learned from the Mongols, they rode around the Turkish flank firing slantwise volleys of arrows. But while their needling assault bought time for the Byzantines to flee, the Alans sustained such heavy casualties that the Turks managed to hold the field and claim victory. Osman's men followed up by plundering nearby districts, while the surviving Byzantines remained holed up in Nicomedia.

From then on the nascent Ottomans held the momentum. They initially focused on taking the fortified cities of Anatolia in turn. Their efforts came to fruition during the reign of Osman's son Orhan (1323–62), who defeated a Byzantine advance into northwestern Anatolia at the Battle of Pelekanon in 1329, took Nicaea in 1331 and captured Nicomedia in 1337. In the 1350s the Ottomans began their conquest of the Balkans. Finally, in 1453, under Mehmed II, they took Constantinople itself, bringing the Byzantine empire to an end. Thus firmly established, the Ottoman empire would survive until World War I, when like the patchwork of previous human dynasties, it too fell mortally wounded. **MH**

Richard Tada has a doctorate in history from the University of Washington and is a frequent contributor to Military History and Military History Quarterly. For further reading he recommends The Late Byzantine Army: Arms and Society, 1204–1453, by Mark C. Bartusis, and The Last Century of Byzantium, 1261–1453, by Donald M. Nicol.

Battle of Bapheus

JULY 27, 1302

5,000

OTTOMAN
TROOPS

2,000

BYZANTINE AND
ALAN TROOPS

Predating World War I, the earliest warplanes featured guns mounted on simple pivots, until April 1915, when Germany fitted planes with Schneider mountings made of concentric rings, which allowed a gunner to swivel in line with his weapon. The Allies soon introduced their own ring mounts, such as the French Étevé and an extremely flexible British ring mount devised by Royal Navy Warrant Officer Frederick W. Scarff.

As aircraft continued to develop after World War I, their higher speeds made it increasingly difficult for a gunner to man his weapon in the slipstream. Necessity prompted the development of enclosed mechanically, hydraulically or pneumatically powered turrets, which also allowed gunners to operate more than two weapons at a time in the same mount.

World War II saw the introduction of remotely operated turrets in such warplanes as Germany's Messerschmitt Me 410 *Hornisse* ("Hornet") and the U.S. Boeing B-29 Superfortress. Such defenses became more prevalent over the next half-century, which also saw the disappearance of guns as part of a bomber's defensive armament. Remotely controlled turrets soldier on in a more aggressive role on attack helicopters such as the U.S. Bell AH-1 Cobra and Boeing AH-64 Apache and the Russian Mil Mi-24. **MH**



AIM FOR THE SKY

Aircraft defenses evolved from simple open-air mounts to manned and unmanned powered turrets

By Jon Guttman

Photographed in July 1941, the dorsal turret on a Bristol Blenheim Mk. IV of the Finnish air force is equipped with a Lahti L-33/36 light machine gun fitted with an optical reflector gun sight. Though an improvement over earlier designs, the semi-open turret still exposed the gunner to the elements.

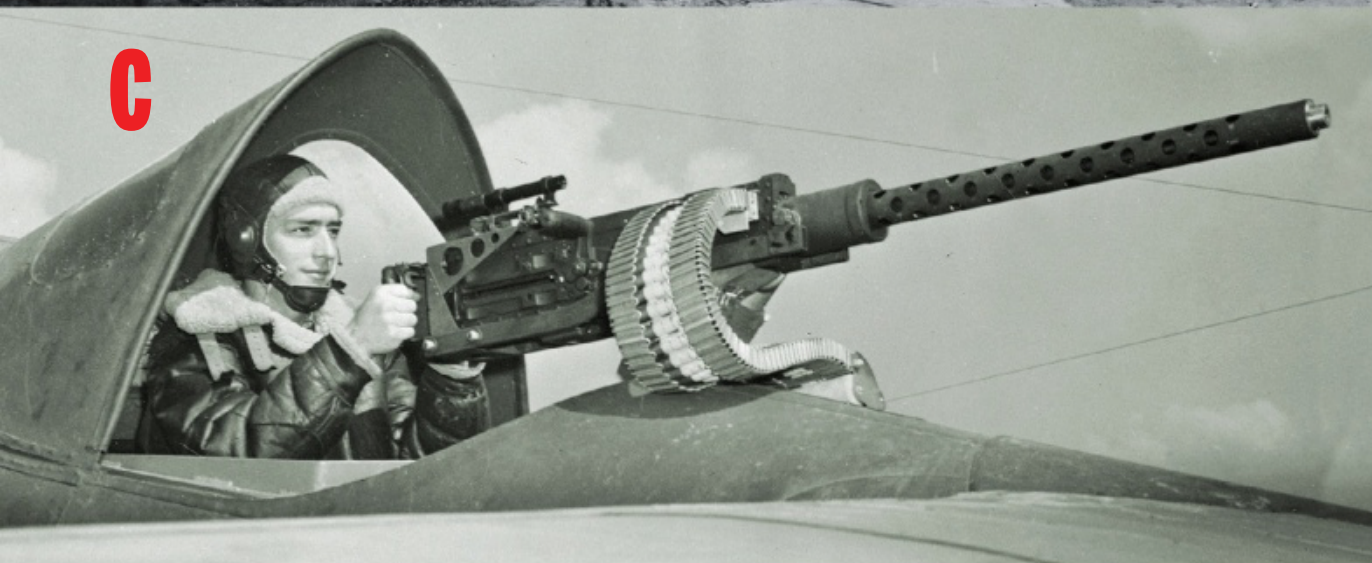
AIM FOR THE SKY



A



B



C

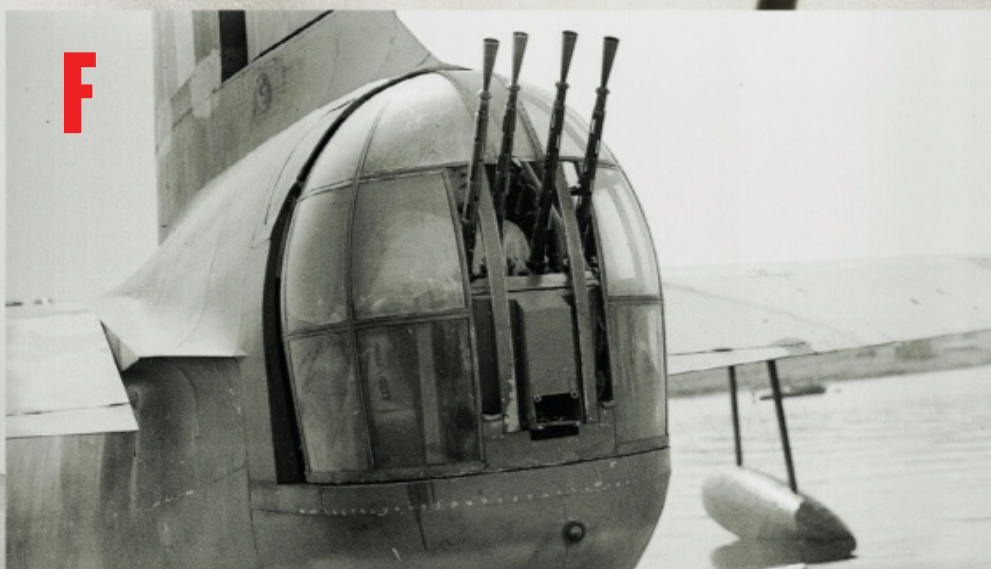


D

A The need for protection from enemy fighters led to the addition of defensive guns in World War I, though gunners—as on this British Royal Aircraft Factory F.E.2d—often had to assume precarious positions.

B Introduced in 1934, the Bolton Paul P.75 Overstrand was the last twin-engine biplane bomber flown by the Royal Air Force and the service's first aircraft fitted with an enclosed, powered gun turret.

C Early Lockheed-built Hudson medium bombers—such as this A-29 variant flown by the U.S. Army Air Forces—had a retractable .50-caliber dorsal gun that provided defense solely to the aircraft's rear section.



D Hudsons provided to Great Britain beginning in 1939 replaced the dorsal gun position with a British-built Boulton Paul Type C powered turret carrying two .303-caliber Browning machine guns.

E Boulton Paul's best-known—and arguably least successful—aircraft was the World War II-era Defiant. The single-engine fighter's only armament was the Type A Mark II four-gun turret.

F Britain's other turret manufacturer, Nash & Thompson, provided turrets for several types of RAF aircraft. The Short Sunderland Mk. I carried both nose and tail turrets, the latter a four-gun FN. 13.

AIM FOR THE SKY



G Widely considered the quintessential American heavy bomber of World War II, the Boeing B-17G Flying Fortress had manned dorsal, chin and ventral turrets in addition to five hand-operated guns.

H Other World War II-era American aircraft fitted with manned ventral ball turrets were Consolidated's B-24 and PB4Y-1 Liberators and PB4Y-2 Privateer. Nose and tail ball turrets were also used.

I In addition to twin dorsal turrets and a ball turret in the nose, the U.S. Navy's PB4Y-2 Privateer variant of the B-24 was also fitted with teardrop-shaped ERCO 250TH powered waist gun turrets.



J The only single-engine U.S. aircraft with a powered turret to see widespread World War II service was the Grumman TBF/TBM Avenger, which carried a .50-caliber machine gun in its rear-facing 150SE ball turret.

K The use of defensive gun turrets fell off with the dawning of the jet age. The U.S. Air Force Boeing B-52 Stratofortress was the last to use a manned turret, though it bore an unmanned tail turret until 1991.

L While defensive gun turrets are no longer in use, many present-day military helicopters—including the AH-64 Apache—carry either enclosed or open gun mounts as part of their ground-attack armament.

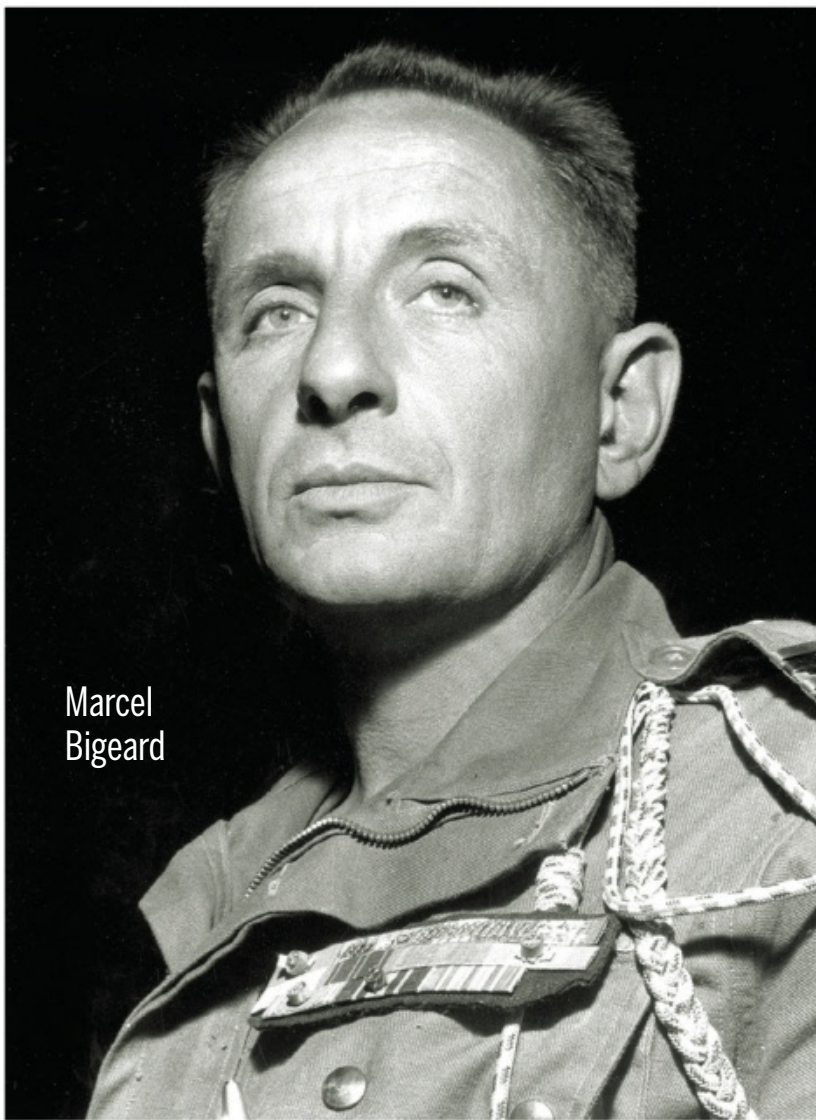
Bigéard's many decorations span nearly 40 years of French service and include the *Grand-croix* of the *Légion d'honneur*, with red ribbon at upper left, opposite.

FULL MEDAL JACKET

General Marcel Bigéard survived several wars and an assassination attempt en route to becoming one of France's most decorated soldiers

By David T. Zabecki





Marcel Bigeard



Marcel “Bruno” Bigeard was among the greatest soldiers of the 20th century. A legendary paratroop commander in Vietnam and Algeria, he had joined the French army as a peacetime enlistee in 1936. Without benefit of military training at either Brittany’s vaunted Saint-Cyr or the *École de guerre* in Paris, Bigeard had worked his way up through the ranks. By the time he retired in 1976 as a *général de corps d’armée* (lieutenant general), he had received more than two-dozen honors from the French government, including the *Grand-croix* of the *Légion d’honneur*—the highest grade of his nation’s highest order—seven *Croix de guerre* for World War II, 17 *Croix de guerre* for post-1945 overseas operations and five wound medals (the equivalent of the Purple Heart). He also was made a Commander of the Legion of Merit by the United States, received the Distinguished Service Order from Britain and was awarded nine other orders and high decorations from various foreign governments. “I do not accept the medals anymore,” the general reportedly quipped later in life, “because they are starting to fall on my shoes.”

Bigeard was the model for Col. Pierre-Noël Raspéguy, the heroic central character in French writer Jean Lartéguy’s Algerian War novels *The Centurions* and *The Praetorians*, a paratroop commander later portrayed by Anthony Quinn in *Lost Command*, the 1966 film based on *The Centurions*. The real-life French paratrooper’s personal motto was *Si c’est possible, c’est fait; si c’est impossible, ça se fera*—If it’s possible, it’s done; if it’s impossible, it will be done.

Bigeard was born into a working-class family on Valentine’s Day 1916. At age 14 he quit school and took a job as a bank clerk to help support his family. Enlisting in the French army in 1936, he served a two-year stint on the Maginot Line with a fortress infantry regiment and was released from active duty in 1938. Assigned to the reserves as a sergeant, he was recalled just six months later as the storm clouds of war gathered over Europe. When the Germans invaded France in May 1940, Bigeard fought in Alsace, reaching the rank of *adjudant* (master sergeant).

Captured that June, Bigeard spent the next 18 months in a German POW camp. In November 1941, on his third

escape attempt, he fled Germany and made his way through unoccupied France to Senegal, where he joined the forces of Vichy France. At the time all of French West Africa was under the control of the collaborationist French government, though in the wake of Operation Torch—the November 1942 Allied landings in French North Africa—it came under Free French control. Commissioned a second lieutenant in October 1943, Bigeard was sent with his regiment to Morocco, staging point for the ongoing invasion. By early 1944 he was an acting *chef de battalion* (major). The Allies soon recruited Bigeard as a Free French paratrooper in the lead-up to Operation

Opposite: Paratroopers of Bigeard's 6e BCP jump into the beleaguered French outpost at Dien Bien Phu on Nov. 20, 1953. Below: By the time the Vietminh overran the base, only 40 of Bigeard's 800 men remained alive.



Jedburgh, a multinational effort to coordinate sabotage and guerrilla warfare in occupied Europe. Following training with the British Special Operations Executive, he dropped into occupied France as a member of a four-man team assigned to organize and lead resistance forces in the Pyrenees Mountains bordering Andorra. Bigeard's radio call-sign, "Bruno," would remain his lifelong nickname.

At war's end Bigeard was accepted into the regular French army as a captain. In command of a company of colonial infantry, he deployed to French Indochina for the first time in October 1945. Sent to Saigon (present-day Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam), his unit was to support the takeover from the defeated Japanese and the restoration of French colonial rule in the region. In March 1946 his unit shifted north to Tonkin, the heart of communist Vietminh resistance under Ho Chi Minh. Four months later Bigeard was put on detached duty to form and lead a commando unit of Tai tribesmen near Dien Bien Phu in northwestern French Indochina. Bigeard returned to France in September 1947, but he was to see Dien Bien Phu again.

In February 1948 Bigeard returned to French Indochina for a second tour of duty, serving with the 3rd Colonial Parachute Battalion. Returning to France in November 1950, he served for a time in a demi-brigade under Col. Jean Gilles, another of France's legendary paratroop commanders. Bigeard then assumed command of the 6th Colonial Parachute Battalion (6e BCP) and

returned to Vietnam for a third tour, landing at Haiphong in July 1952. Half of his paratroopers were French, the other half Vietnamese.

That October the Vietminh launched a major offensive in the highlands northwest of Hanoi. They soon besieged the garrison at Nghia-Lô, the key to the entire region, a move that threatened remaining French forces with being cut off and devoured piecemeal. The high command in Paris had only one desperate option available—to drop a parachute battalion into the small outpost at Tu-Lê, just to the west of Nghia-Lô. The paratroopers were tasked with drawing off the entire main force of the Vietminh 312th Division, thus buying time for their countrymen to fall back on the French-controlled Black River. It was a suicide mission, and everyone knew it. The 6e BCP got the job, and on October 16 Bigeard jumped out of a C-47 with the first stick of his 667-man battalion.

Though surrounded and outnumbered 10-to-1, Bigeard's troopers did manage to give other French units the precious hours they needed to escape. After three days of savage rearguard action, French headquarters in Hanoi finally ordered the 6e BCP to break out and escape to the Black River. But in the early morning hours of October 20, before Bigeard could fully mobilize his men,



Jump Wings

Of his myriad decorations, the one insignia Bigeard often said he treasured most was his "brevet parachutiste militaire," the wings that beginning in 1946 the French army awarded to paratroopers at the conclusion of their initial airborne training jumps.



Top: In 1955 troops under Bigeard's command question civilians in Algiers during a house-to-house search in the city's Casbah quarter. Critics claimed Bigeard's men tortured dissidents for intelligence on weapon caches, above.

the Vietminh attacked in force. When dawn arrived, the sky was too overcast for air support. Later that day the paratroopers exfiltrated through the surrounding jungle, carrying the wounded of those units that had fallen back on Tu-Lê. The Vietminh let them, deliberately ensuring the French would be strung out along the path of withdrawal and thus more vulnerable to attack. Regardless, Bigeard's men stubbornly fought their way through 40 miles of jungle, reaching the Black River four days later with all the wounded they had evacuated from Tu-Lê. At a cost of some 91 men killed or missing, the battalion had inflicted scores more casualties on the Vietminh and facilitated the successful withdrawal.

On Nov. 20, 1953, at the start of Operation Castor, Bigeard and his reconstituted 6e BCP jumped into Dien Bien Phu to retake and fortify the airbase built by the Japanese during World War II. Once his men had secured the drop zone, established strongpoints and improved the small extant runway, they were withdrawn. Meanwhile, the Vietminh, under Gen. Võ Nguyên Giáp, bided their time and slowly built up their strength until the French

garrison was wholly surrounded, outnumbered and outgunned. Finally, on March 13, 1954, Giáp attacked in force, launching the climactic Battle of Dien Bien Phu. Three days later Bigeard and his battalion dropped back into the airbase as reinforcements.

During the 55-day fight Bigeard more than lived up to his reputation as a fearless combat commander. On April 10 he led an inspired counterattack to recapture strongpoint Éliane 1. The position changed hands several times that day, but the French held it at day's end, earning Bigeard a field promotion to lieutenant colonel. After replacing the thousands of men he'd lost to massed frontal attacks, Giáp relentlessly attacked both Éliane 1 and 2. Through sheer numbers the Vietminh finally overran Éliane 1 on May 1, and Éliane 2 on May 6. What was left of the French garrison surrendered on May 7. By the time what Bigeard termed a "jungle Verdun" was over, only 40 of his 800 paratroopers remained alive. The victorious Vietminh sent the surviving French on what amounted to a death march some 500 miles without food and water to POW camps. In August the prisoners were released, and Bigeard returned to France a month later.

In the fall of 1955 Bigeard assumed command of the 3rd Colonial Parachute Regiment (3e RPC) in Algeria, where the French were engaged in yet another desperate fight to retain what was left of their crumbling colonial empire. During an operation against the leftist *Front de libération national* (FLN) in June 1956 Bigeard was hit in the chest by a bullet that barely missed his heart. Just three months later, while out jogging alone along the Mediterranean coast, he took two more bullets to the chest during a failed FLN assassination attempt. In each case he recovered quickly enough to remain in command of his regiment.

Starting in September 1956, Bigeard and his troops joined Brig. Gen. Jacques Massu's 10th Parachute Division in the infamous, monthslong Battle of Algiers. The 3e RPC was responsible for securing the city's serpentine medieval quarter of Casbah, home to most of the native-born population. In February 1957 Bigeard's troops captured a bomb courier working for Saadi Yacef, the insurgent commander in Algiers. Using what today is euphemistically called "enhanced interrogation techniques" on the prisoner, they learned the location of the FLN's bomb factory, and in a subsequent raid they seized 87 operational devices and a haul of explosives and related materials. The FLN had lost much of its bomb-making capacity in one fell swoop, and Bigeard was largely credited with winning the Battle of Algiers. While it had been a tactical victory for the French, the Algerians held the strategic advantage.

In the spring of 1957 Bigeard redeployed the 3e RPC to the Atlas Mountains, where they battled FLN units operating there and along the Moroccan border. By

August 1959 he'd assumed command of the Ain-Sefra region, on the northern edge of the Sahara Desert. Though a colonel, he commanded an impressive 15,000 troops. Bigeard played no role in the coup attempt in Algiers on May 13, 1958, which ultimately brought about the fall of the French Fourth Republic and the return to power of Charles de Gaulle. Nor did he have anything to do with the April 1961 abortive military coup against de Gaulle. Regardless of Bigeard's performance or loyalties, however, in the end France still lost Algeria.

Bigeard's stellar combat record and the devotion he inspired in his men engendered a degree of jealousy among many of France's more traditional officers, who considered him little more than an upstart ranker—and an ill-bred one at that. Nonetheless, he was far too effective a commander to be forced into early retirement or parked in some obscure staff job. In 1960 he assumed command of a colonial infantry regiment in the Central African Republic and four years later headed up two parachute brigades back home. On Aug. 1, 1967, nearly 30 years after enlisting in the French army, Bigeard earned promotion to brigadier general. Between 1968 and 1973 he served successively as the senior ground forces commander in Senegal and then Madagascar.

A master showman in the mold of George Patton, Bigeard was famous for his flamboyant means of arriving at each new duty station: He would parachute into his new headquarters, often hitting the parade ground at the position of attention and saluting his troops. The stunt backfired on him only once. As he made a spectacular jump into the Indian Ocean off his new headquarters in Madagascar, 66-year-old Bigeard detached his chute too early, free-falling more than 100 feet into the water and cracking several ribs, among other injuries. Fortunately, his staff—who had jumped with him—kept by their commander's side until rescuers could pull them out.

In later years Bigeard became a central figure in a domestic debate regarding the use of torture during the Algerian War. During an interview with the Paris-based newspaper *Le Monde* the general acknowledged the French had tortured certain Algerian “savages” and justified it as a “necessary evil,” though he denied having employed torture himself. Farouk Ksentini of the Algerian Human Rights Commission later called Bigeard “a war criminal who led a savage repression” against the people of Algeria. The general countered with, “Whatever we did was much less brutal than what the Americans did in Iraq, or the Russians in Chechnya.”

Bigeard retired from the French army in August 1976. In his last assignment he served as secretary of state (de facto deputy minister) of defense. In 1978 he was elected a deputy of the National Assembly, the lower house of the French Parliament. During his 10 years in office he served as president of the National Assembly's Defense Commis-

sion. Although Bigeard was largely self-educated, he wrote or co-wrote 19 books over the course of his life.

France's greatest paratrooper died at home on June 18, 2010, at the age of 94. He received a state funeral with full military honors. During his post-military political career

Bigeard would parachute into his new headquarters, hitting the parade ground at attention

someone once asked Bigeard whether he preferred to be addressed as “minister” or “general.” His reply: “It took me 30 years to become a general, and 30 minutes to become a minister, so I prefer general.” **MH**

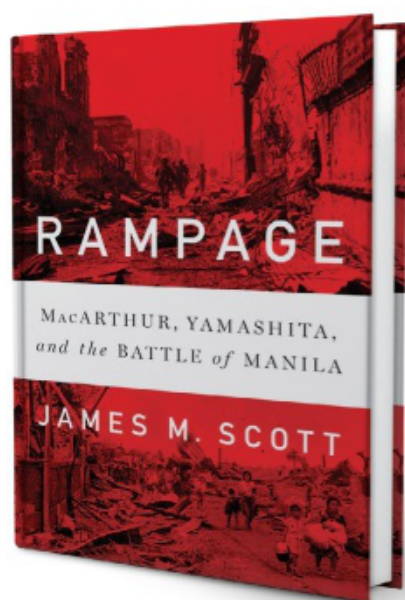
Retired U.S. Army Maj. Gen. David Zabecki is chief military historian of this magazine. For additional reading he recommends Street Without Joy: The French Debacle in Indochina, by Bernard B. Fall, and A Savage War of Peace: Algeria, 1954–1962, by Alistair Horne.



Top: Bigeard spent a decade as a deputy of the French National Assembly following his 1976 retirement from the army. **Above:** Still in excellent shape at 67, Bigeard received kudos for appearing on a TV workout show.

Reviews

Fought from Feb. 3–March 3, 1945, the Battle of Manila devastated the city, killing upward of 100,000 civilians.



Rampage: MacArthur, Yamashita and the Battle of Manila, by James M. Scott, W.W. Norton & Co., New York and London, 2018, \$32.95

Horror in Manila

War is hell, and James Scott's *Rampage* sears that truth deeply into the reader's mind. The means to Scott's end involves delving beneath the strategy, tactics and personalities behind the American recapture of the Philippines capital of Manila during World War II to emphasize the personal impact of the Japanese occupation on the citizenry. Scott also traces the personal conflict between U.S. Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Japanese Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita, who viewed his American opponent as "a relentless commander, whose campaigns had been almost without flaw."

Rampage begins with MacArthur's dramatic escape from Corregidor in the early stages of the war, and it ends with Yamashita's controversial war crimes trial and ultimate execution. In between Scott's narrative relates the Japanese depredations against citizens. His brutally candid descriptions make reports of physical damage to the city, as well as any analysis of military strategies and tac-

tics, seem minor in the long view of history. From the outset readers receive fair warning of the work's shocking focus, courtesy a brief poem by an anonymous World War II prisoner: "These children of the Rising Sun, look down, dear God, on all they've done."

Scott pulls no punches in his retelling of the horrific atrocities that became routine during the Japanese occupation of Manila. For example, at one point he describes the mass murder of scores of Filipino males: "Every few moments a rifle fired, and another husband, father or son tumbled down the muddy bank, swelling the pile of bodies that floated among the lily pads." The Japanese treatment of Filipino women in captivity in Manila is arguably even more disturbing. Appropriately, Scott ends *Rampage* with a note of sympathy for Manila's savaged citizens: "May they rest in peace as part now of the sacred ground of this city: the Manila of our affections."

—Joe Callo

Big Week: The Biggest Air Battle of World War II, by James Holland, Atlantic Monthly Press, New York, 2018, \$28

A title beginning with *The Biggest Battle...* is too often the sign of a lazy marketing department. But veteran military historian James Holland's lively, anecdote-filled account of the Big Week (aka Operation Argument), a massive Feb. 19–25, 1944, bomber operation over Nazi Germany, emphasizes it did actually represent a major shift in Allied tactics. Though the Big Week itself occupies only the final 100 pages of Holland's text, readers won't complain, as they absorb his fireworks, frustration and the myriad controversies of 1943.

By 1943, weather permitting, Britain was sending out 500 to 1,000 bombers each night, devastating German cities but suffering heavy losses. By day increasing numbers of far more heavily armed but lightly loaded American B-17s and B-24s were damaging German industry but also suffering dire losses. At the same time the *Luftwaffe*—though overworked and hemorrhaging trained pilots, their fighters growing technically inferior—were increasingly aided by sophisticated radar and tactics and thus continued to shoot down upward of 10 percent of Allied sorties, an unsustainable rate. Planners worried that the invasion of occupied France, scheduled for spring 1944, would fail unless they could establish complete control of the air. Drastic changes were essential.

In January 1944 Eighth Air Force commander Ira Eaker was kicked upstairs to lead air forces in the Mediterranean theater, replaced by Maj. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle, with Gen. Carl Spaatz in overall command. By then long-range P-51s were arriving in large numbers. Equally important was a change in tactics. Eaker had insisted fighters stick close to bombers, a practice many experts agreed advantaged the attacker. Bucking that opinion, the new command allowed fighters free rein to pursue the enemy. While fighter pilots of course loved that, bomber commanders complained they were being used as bait—and they had a point.

Everything came together during the Big Week, a maximum effort that dropped more tonnage of bombs on Germany than the *Luftwaffe* had dropped on England in the eight months of the Blitz. While Allied bomber losses remained heavy, the opera-



tion proved the nail in the coffin for the *Luftwaffe*. The Allied claim of 500 enemy fighters destroyed may have been an exaggeration, but the reality was bad enough. As Holland points out, the

Big Week ensured the near absence of German aircraft on D-Day, although many historians (including the author himself in his new book, *Normandy '44*) maintain the landings themselves were easier than anyone had predicted. This volume offers a superb narrative of the nail-biting bombing missions, heart-stopping dogfights and suffering on the ground in the service of a half-forgotten but important bombing campaign.

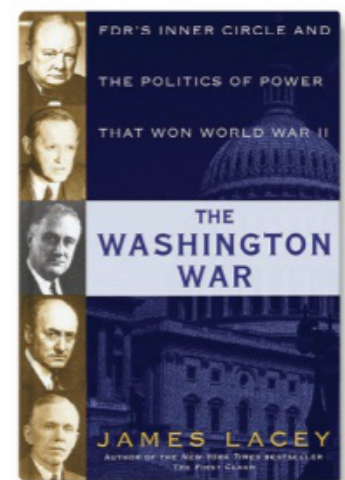
—Mike Oppenheim

Appel: A Canadian in the French Foreign Legion, by Joel Adam Struthers, Wilfred Laurier University Press, Waterloo, Ontario, 2019, \$24.99

The silver screen has firmly planted an image of *la Légion étrangère* (French Foreign Legion) in the popular imagination, à la Gary Cooper in *Beau Geste*—a trail of footprints marking the slow progress of steadfast legionnaires across shifting sands, their shoulders hunched under the desert heat, their bleached white kepis bobbing amid a shimmering mirage. The men, escaping criminal pasts and broken hearts, are mysterious and slightly unsavory. Fortunately, *Appel* (French for “roll call”) dispels that inaccurate Hollywood meme with a matter-of-fact account of life in the 1990s-era Foreign Legion, flavored throughout with typical Canadian understatement.

Author Joel Adam Struthers was a knucklehead. Not good enough to be a professional hockey player, not quite big enough to be

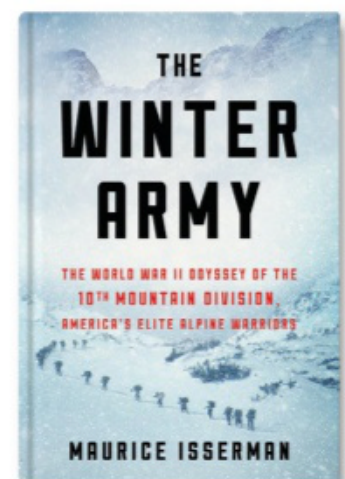
Recommended



The Washington War

James Lacey

Using newly discovered sources, historian Lacey presents the only full account of how President Franklin Roosevelt waged war in the halls of power, detailing the behind-closed-doors influence of his strong-minded advisers. This is the first integrated and comprehensive record of how these figures clashed—and ultimately coalesced—at each vital turning point on the road to victory.



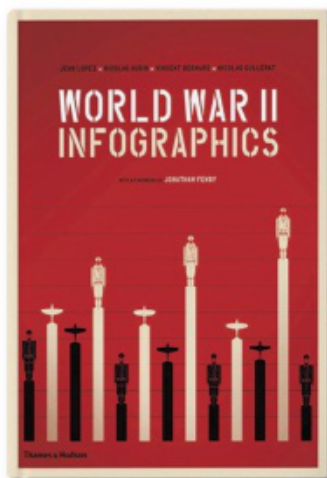
The Winter Army

Maurice Isserman

Subtitled *The World War II Odyssey of the 10th Mountain Division, America's Elite Alpine Warriors*, Isserman's volume traces the operational history of that unit—the first specialized alpine fighting force in the nation's history—from its formation through its deployment to Europe. The 10th broke the last line of German defenses in the Italian mountains, spearheading the Allied advance to the Alps and into the Reich.

Reviews

Recommended



World War II: Infographics

Jean Lopez, Nicolas Aubin, Vincent Bernard, Nicolas Guillerat

This volume takes the massive amounts of data available about the war and presents it in a visually striking and comprehensible manner. Covering major battles, troop mobilizations, war production and geography, this book is a must-have volume for both history buffs and those new to the topic.



City of Life and Death

Lu Chuan (director)

Based on Chinese and Japanese sources, this striking and moving 2011 film meticulously re-creates the harrowing 1937 Japanese occupation of the then Chinese capital of Nanking. The two-disc Blu-ray release includes a feature-length documentary about the making of the film and interviews with the cast/crew.

a goon, finding school little more than an excuse to scrap and starting to slide into criminality, he was at a dead end. Left a reservist following the disbandment of the Canadian Airborne Regiment following a 1993 scandal in Somalia, he knew the regular forces could not satisfy his military ambitions. And so Struthers made his way to Strasbourg, France, and found himself explaining to a Foreign Legion recruiter, “I want to soldier.”

And soldier he did. The book’s most interesting section concerns his training, both initial and ongoing. The author documents the physical demands and psychological burdens of the legion’s training regimen in excruciating detail. Seemingly every exercise and test, regardless of the subject matter, concludes with “and then we ran 8 kilometers.” Notable also are the extensive background and criminal checks to which the service subjects all applicants. Hardly the rogues of popular imagination, legionnaires are members of the French military and subject to French military law. Legionnaires are soldiers, not mercenaries, Struthers makes clear.

Once qualified as a legionnaire, Struthers participated in missions in the Democratic Republic of Congo, Chad and the Central African Republic. Despite the confusion, violence and uncertainty involved, the operations come across as almost less demanding than the training. The only

drawback to the author’s factual and fascinating account of life in the modern Foreign Legion is his insistence on recounting the sexual conquests of his each and every leave. *Arrêtez, s’il vous plait!*

—Bob Gordon

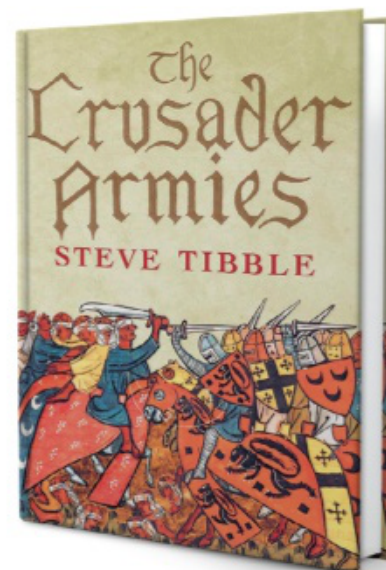
The Crusader Armies: 1099–1187, by Steve Tibble, Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., 2018, \$35

Recent scholarship has begun to challenge long-accepted views of the Crusades. In that vein, historian Tibble’s new book, *The Crusader Armies*, takes an unconventional look at the social and military history of the campaigns and those who participated in them.

While not discounting religion among their proximate causes, Tibble marks the true beginning of the Crusades with the establishment of the Seljuk empire in the mid-11th century. Turkic nomads from Central Asia driven from their ancestral lands by the Mongol horde—and, the author argues, climate change—the Seljuks overwhelmed both the Baghdad-based Muslim Fatimid caliphate and the Christian Byzantine empire, conquering Turkey, Syria, Palestine and Egypt. So it was, argues Tibble, that the age-old conflict between sedentary peoples and nomadic invaders, not to mention the weather, set the stage for the Crusades.

The author also recasts the participating armies of the Crusades from the

stereotypical heavily armored European Franks and lightly armed Arabs to a view of conflicting armies with far more similarities, both racially and militarily. Tibble argues the majority



of the Crusaders were Middle Easterners, more akin to their Muslim opponents than to European knights. While some readers will disagree with the author’s theses, *The Crusader Armies* presents interesting food for thought of a fascinating historical period.

—Robert Guttman

Patton’s Last Gamble: The Disastrous Raid on POW Camp Hammelburg in World War II, by Duane Schultz, Stackpole Books, Lanham, Md., 2018, \$29.95

Much has been made in recent years of Gen. George S. Patton’s successful rescue of hundreds of Lipizzaner horses from ravenous Soviet troops in the closing months of World War II. Rather less attention has been paid to a similar effort Patton undertook to liberate a POW camp behind German lines.

The latter travesty is the subject of veteran author Duane Schultz's new book.

In late March 1945, within weeks of war's end, Patton ordered Capt. Abraham Baum to lead a task force 50 miles east of the front lines to liberate American officer POWs held in Oflag XIII-B near Hammelburg in Bavaria. To accomplish his mission Baum was given one company of M4 Sherman medium tanks and one platoon of lighter M5A1 Stuarts from the 37th Tank Battalion, a company of armored infantry, a recon platoon and an assault gun platoon, as well as command and supply elements amounting to 314 men and 57 vehicles. Patton's aide and fixer, Maj. Alexander Stiller, joined the task force, ostensibly to gain combat experience. That was an absurd explanation, as Stiller had already seen battle in both world wars. Moreover, he outranked Baum, his ostensible commander.

The task force had trouble breaking through German lines, was repeatedly delayed by unexpected concentrations of enemy troops and was ambushed by Hetzer light tank destroyers on the approach to Hammelburg. In the end, two dozen would-be rescuers were killed, the survivors captured, and no prisoners rescued.

Schultz offers two explanations for the bizarre episode, both reflecting poorly on Patton. First, and most damning, was that the general's goal was not to free any old American POWs, but rather one specific prisoner—his son-in-law, Lt. Col. John K Waters, the husband of Patton's beloved daughter Bea. In that scenario Stiller went along to identify Waters, as the two had met, not because the elder officer needed combat experience.

Schultz also suggests the raid was Patton's attempt to one-up his Pacific rival, Douglas MacArthur. Two months before Patton launched Task Force Baum, MacArthur's troops had rescued 552 Allied POWs and civilians from a Japanese camp near Cabanatuan City in the Philippines. As that theory goes,

Patton feared MacArthur's media star was rising faster than his own and was determined to recapture the spotlight.

Either way, the members of Task Force Baum seemingly suffered and died for Patton's purely personal motives, arguably the most heinous thing a commander can do to his men.

—Bob Gordon

Air War Varsity, by Martin W. Bowman, Casemate Publishers, Havertown, Pa., 2017, \$39.95

While much has been written about the World War II operations Overlord and Market Garden, comparatively little has been published about Operation Varsity—a glaring omission considering that Varsity, the airborne invasion of Germany across the Rhine, was the war's largest airborne operation. Martin Bowman's book is the first comprehensive history of the campaign and highlights the contributions of the various Allied participants—American, British and Canadian. The book recounts not only the activities of the airborne troops, but also those of the troop-carrying aircraft and gliders that took part in the initial assault and subsequent resupply missions.

Varsity differed from Market Garden, the previous attempt to cross the Rhine

in 1944, in that the former was conducted under the operational control of the First Allied Airborne Army, which exercised unified command over the combined Allied airborne forces and all the troop-carrying aircraft and gliders. Targeting daylight landing zones east of the Rhine on March 24, 1945, Varsity simultaneously inserted one American and one British airborne division, totaling nearly 17,000 troops, supported by 1,050 transport aircraft and 1,350 gliders. While the Allies sustained heavy casualties, the operation was ultimately successful and helped spell the end for the German army in the West.

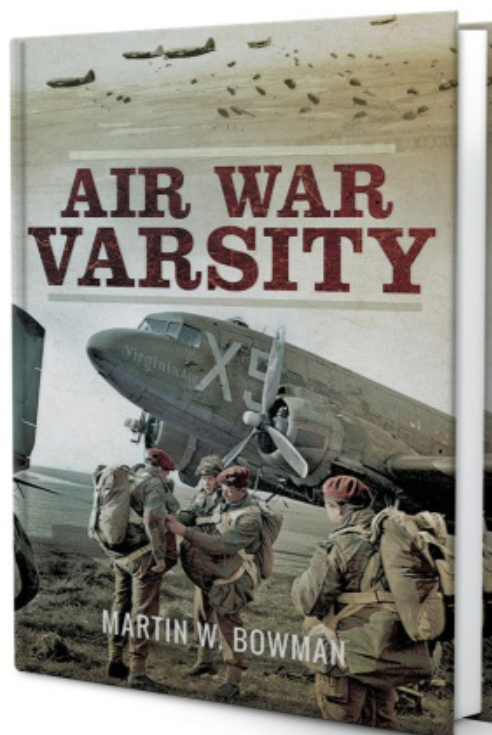
Amply illustrated with maps and photographs, *Air War Varsity* includes many firsthand accounts from participants. It will undoubtedly prove invaluable to anyone interested in this decisive, if oft overlooked, operation in the waning days of World War II.

—Robert Guttman

With Their Bare Hands: General Pershing, the 79th Division and the Battle for Montfaucon, by Gene Fax, Osprey Publishing, Oxford, U.K., 2018, \$22

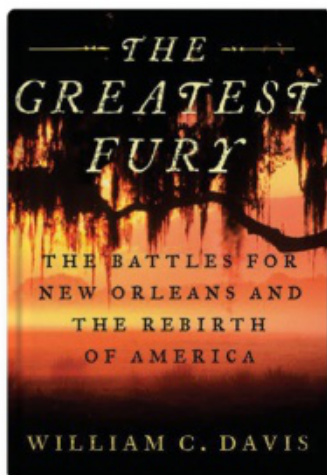
Within a year of the spring 1917 U.S. entry into World War I, 2 million American doughboys had been deployed to France. Among them were the men of the 79th Division, raw recruits from the streets of Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., who were soon plunged into the hell of trench warfare. Commanded by Maj. Gen. Joseph E. Kahn, who'd spent the first two years of the war as a military observer in Germany, the 79th was within weeks of its arrival thrown into the most important and bloody battle of the Meuse-Argonne offensive—the attack on Montfaucon.

The plan proposed by American Expeditionary Forces commander Gen. John J. Pershing embraced a 20-mile sector held by the Germans since 1914. Replacing 200,000 weary French troops



Reviews

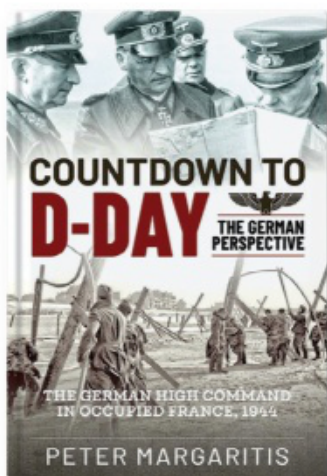
Recommended



The Greatest Fury

William C. Davis

Author Davis delivers an exhaustively researched and ably written examination of the Jan. 8, 1815, Battle of New Orleans. He argues that the engagement—waged two weeks after the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, officially ending the War of 1812—was the last battle fought on American soil in which defeat would have threatened the very existence of the United States.



Countdown to D-Day

Peter Margaritis

Margaritis looks at high-level German preparations for the inevitable Allied invasion of occupied Europe. The narrative opens on Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's initial chagrin regarding the woefully inadequate defenses he inherited in December 1943, then examines the bureaucratic infighting he faced in trying to build up the Atlantic Wall.

were 428,000 Americans by truck and a further 172,000 afoot. Moving by night, some 90,000 horses hauled up 3,000 guns and 40,000 tons of ammunition, all under the direction of brilliant young staff officer Col. George C. Marshall.

The Americans faced some of the most challenging terrain on the Western Front—undulating hills dominated by Montfaucon, beyond which lay the reputedly impenetrable Argonne Forest. Fax's description of the terrain and German defenses makes one shudder all these decades later. At 2:30 a.m. on Sept. 26, 1918, Pershing, whose objective that day was 7.5 miles gained, ordered all 2,700 American guns to open fire. His artillery rained down shells for three hours on enemy headquarters, crossroads and observation posts before directly targeting the German front line.

Drawing on period documents and reports, as well as the letters and memoirs of those present, Fax transports the reader to the battlefield, where on that first day the Americans made it barely 4 miles from their start line. In a heavy rain at 0400 the following morning Pershing renewed the attack, finally taking Montfaucon—both the peak and the namesake tiny town—just before midday.

Unveiled in 1937 atop the high point of the ridge, a massive Doric column anchors the Meuse-Argonne American Memorial, the largest such U.S. war me-

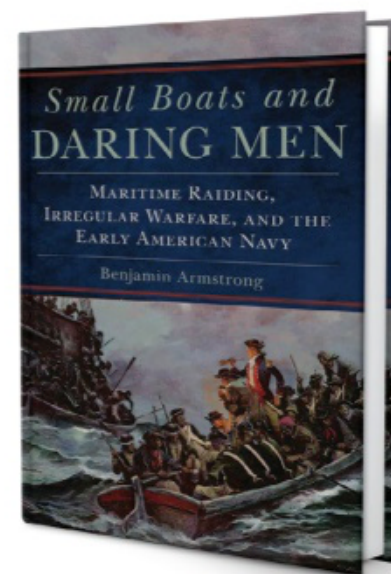
morial in Europe. Reached by 234 steps, its observation deck provides a superb view across the battlefield, an especially moving sight for anyone having absorbed Fax's epic account.

—David Saunders

Small Boats and Daring Men: Maritime Raiding, Irregular Warfare and the Early American Navy, by Benjamin Armstrong, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 2019, \$34.95

Covert operations often prove crucial toward weakening enemy resistance, while also serving to boost morale in the ranks and sway public opinion. We tend to think of such secretive surgical strikes as the domain of elite U.S. Navy SEALs or Army Green Berets. But truth is, various American fighting forces have carried out similar missions since the birth of the republic. In this first-of-its-kind historical study author Benjamin Armstrong—an assistant professor of war studies and naval history at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md.—details early naval operations that set the precedent for future clandestine maneuvers.

Armstrong has edited two books on naval warfare and written numerous articles on naval history and national security. Drawing on original operational reports and sailors' memoirs and diaries, the author here crafts a riveting account of how the nascent U.S. Navy



stared down seemingly insurmountable odds to achieve success. The narrative focuses on several key episodes in American naval history, from John Paul Jones' bold 1778 assault on Whitehaven, England, during the American Revolution, to Stephen Decatur's 1803 burning of the frigate USS *Philadelphia* and the Marines' 1805 assault on "the shores of Tripoli" during the First Barbary War, to naval engagements on the Great Lakes and in the Atlantic Ocean during the War of 1812, as well as other actions in the Caribbean and Sumatra. Armstrong provides a detailed and readable analysis of the operations, linking them to current tactics and operations as the United States pursues its ongoing global war on terror.

Small Boats and Daring Men is one of those rare books that combines scholarly discourse with exciting storytelling as it relates the birth of American sea power by military leaders short on resources but long on ingenuity.

—Dave Kindy



TEDDY ROOSEVELT SPORTED A LARGE TATTOO ON HIS CHEST THAT DEPICTED...

His famed horse
'Little Texas,'
the Roosevelt
family crest, a U.S.
flag planted atop
San Juan Hill or
a trio of entwined
mermaids?

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ANSWER: THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY CREST.
OTHER PRESIDENTS PURPORTEDLY HAD
TATTOOS. ANDREW JACKSON WAS SAID
TO HAVE HAD A TOMAHAWK TATTOOED
ON HIS THIGH, WHILE JAMES POLK
REPORTEDLY HAD A TATTOO OF THE
CHINESE CHARACTER MEANING "EAGER."

Hallowed Ground

Crysler's Farm, Canada

By Jon Guttman

While Americans' recollections of the War of 1812 include the celebrated victories over British invaders at Fort McHenry, Md., and New Orleans, they are less prone to remember the failed invasions of British North America (present-day Canada). Among the most humiliating U.S. defeats came in battle along the St. Lawrence River at a place called Chrysler's Farm.

In 1813 U.S. Secretary of War John Armstrong Jr. conceived a two-pronged invasion of Lower Canada (present-day Quebec). Maj. Gen. James Wilkinson was to boat 8,000 troops down the St. Lawrence from Sackett's Harbor, N.Y., on the northeast shore of Lake Ontario, and rendezvous with a 4,000-man force under Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton marching north from Plattsburgh, New York. Their objective was Montreal.

The scheme went awry from the outset. In September both Armstrong and Wilkinson fell ill, leading the secretary to delegate command to Wilkinson. That didn't sit well with Hampton, who loathed the latter to the point of refusing to communicate directly with him. Hampton may have had good reason. A former commanding general of the U.S. Army, Wilkinson had slimed his way through multiple courts-martial for a variety of offenses.

On October 18 Hampton moved north along the Châteauguay River only to have his 1,400 New York militiamen balk at fighting people they saw as friends. The general and his 2,600 Regulars pushed on to the confluence of the Châteauguay and English rivers, where they encountered 1,500 French Canadian Voltigeurs, other local militias and Mohawk warriors under Lt. Col. Charles de Salaberry. The Battle of the Châteauguay, on October 26, ended in defeat for Hampton, who withdrew to Plattsburgh and tendered his resignation, while Salaberry became a Canadian folk hero.

Meanwhile, on October 17, Wilkinson and his 8,000 men left Sackett's Harbor and boated down the St. Lawrence. The British sent a 650-man force downriver from Kingston to harass the Americans. Its New York-born commander, Lt. Col. Joseph Wanton Morrison, had fought in the Netherlands before returning to North America as commander of the 2nd Battalion, 89th (Princess Victoria's) Regiment of Foot. While chasing Wilkinson, his force drew eager local militiamen and Mohawk warriors, its ranks swelling to near 900.

Late on November 10, after enduring a day of British fire, Wilkinson's main body encamped along the river at Cook's Tavern. Behind him, Morrison's men bedded down at John Chrysler's farm, within 2 miles of the American rear guard.

At dawn on November 11, British gunboats fired on Wilkinson's camp, while inland American scouts fired on a sniping Mohawk, prompting panicked Canadians to raise the alarm. Soon both forces were on the alert. At midmorning Wilkinson, resolving to eliminate the enemy force hectoring his rear guard, sent Brig. Gen. John Parker Boyd with 2,500 infantrymen and dragoons to deal with the annoyance.

Despite being outnumbered more than 2-to-1, Morrison chose to fight. At center were his 500 regulars, supported by two 6-pounder cannons. Anchored against the river, his right flank comprised light and grenadier companies and a third 6-pounder. In woods to the left the Voltigeurs, other militiamen and two-dozen Indians took up skirmishing positions.

Wilkinson opened the battle with an infantry thrust around the British left that drove the Canadians a mile back through the forest. As the Americans emerged from the woods, however, the well-drilled British loosed a withering series of volleys that drove the attackers to cover.

Meanwhile, a separate American force led by Brig. Gen. Leonard Covington crossed a gully to an open field and were met by a line of soldiers clad in gray. Beneath the gray greatcoats, however, were the red coats with green facings of Morrison's 89th Foot. Covington was mortally wounded in their first volley, and when his second-in-command fell dead moments later, the brigade fell into disorder. Despite a brief rally by U.S. artillery, by 4:30 nearly all the Americans were in retreat, and by dusk the British had ceased pursuit.

In this rare pitched battle of the War of 1812 the British lost 31 killed and 148 wounded, the Americans 102 dead, 237 wounded and 120 captured. On November 12 Wilkinson held a council of war, which unanimously agreed to end the ill-conceived campaign.

Today an 1895 commemorative obelisk marks the national historic site of "The Battle That Saved Canada," 5 miles downstream from present-day Morrisburg, Ontario. Open daily each July and August, the on-site visitor center includes an interactive battlefield model and map, an audiovisual presentation, soldier dioramas and a panoramic mural highlighting the fight's climax. Admission is free. **MH**

FROM TOP: BATTLE OF THE THAMES OCTOBER 5, 1813, ALSO KNOWN AS THE BATTLE OF MORAVIAN TOWN, DON TROSTANI, 2014 (BRIDGEMAN IMAGES); SORIN PAPUC (ALAMY STOCK PHOTO)



While Americans celebrate such War of 1812 victories as the Battle of the Thames (above), Crysler's Farm is recalled at the present-day historic site as "The Battle That Saved Canada."



War Games



Hjalmar Siilasvuo

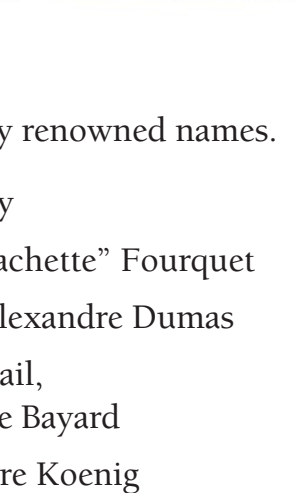
Out-Country Comrades

Can you guess the nationality of each of these non-Russians who fought alongside Soviet forces?

- 1. Roger Sauvage
- 2. Zygmunt Berling
- 3. Robert Stanford Tuck
- 4. Kim Kwang-hyop
- 5. Ján Golian
- 6. Alexandru Petrescu
- 7. Ludvík Svoboda
- 8. Arne Dagfin Dahl
- 9. Hjalmar Siilasvuo
- 10. Vladimir Stoychev

- ___ A. Romanian
- ___ B. Finnish
- ___ C. Bulgarian
- ___ D. Czechoslovakian
- ___ E. Korean
- ___ F. Norwegian
- ___ G. Polish
- ___ H. British
- ___ I. Slovakian
- ___ J. French

Answers: A6, B9, C10, D7, E4, F8, G2, H3, I5, J1



Fighting Frenchmen

Match the not-so-familiar faces above to their martially renowned names.

- ___ A. Charles Martel
- ___ B. Bertrand du Guesclin
- ___ C. Jean Danjou
- ___ D. Raoul Magrin-Vernerey (Ralph Montclar)
- ___ E. Michel Coiffard
- ___ F. Michel Ney
- ___ G. "Jeanne Hachette" Fourquet
- ___ H. Thomas-Alexandre Dumas
- ___ I. Pierre Terrail, seigneur de Bayard
- ___ J. Marie-Pierre Koenig

Answers: A9, B10, C1, D8, E4, F5, G2, H3, I7, J6

LEFT: PUOLUSTUSVOIMAT, FINLAND; 1: MUSÉE DE L'ARMÉE; 2: MARC ROUSSEL; 3: BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE DE FRANCE; 4: ULLSTEIN BILD (GETTY IMAGES); 5: HISTORISCHES AUGES RALF FELTZ; 6: CARL MYDANS/LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION (GETTY IMAGES); 7: CHATEAU DE VERSAILLES

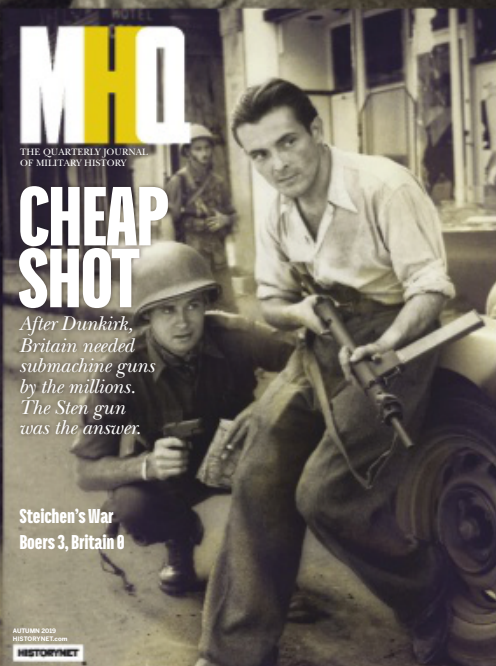
Border Troubles

Ambos Nogales (P. 32) was but one of many incidents between North American neighbors.



1. What British-held city did American rebels try to storm on New Year's Eve 1775?
A. Frenchtown **B.** Quebec
C. Kingston **D.** Montreal
2. Who decisively defeated a Mexican invasion force at Salado Creek on Sept. 17, 1842?
A. Comanches **B.** Apaches
C. U.S. Army **D.** Texans
3. Who tried—and failed—to invade Quebec on May 25, 1870?
A. Irish Fenians **B.** U.S. Army
C. Ex-Confederates **D.** Lakotas
4. Which country did John O'Neill's Fenians invade when arrested in 1871?
A. Nicaragua **B.** Mexico
C. United States **D.** Canada
5. With whom did U.S. Army troops clash at Parral, Mexico, on April 12, 1916?
A. Carrancistas **B.** Villistas
C. Obregonistas **D.** Zapatistas

Answers: B, D, A, A, C, A



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Taming the Wulf

In July 1945 an American soldier in occupied Germany does his best broncobuster impression from the cockpit of a downed Focke-Wulf Fw 190 fighter aircraft in Pocking, Bavaria.

TONY VACCARO (GETTY IMAGES)



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